

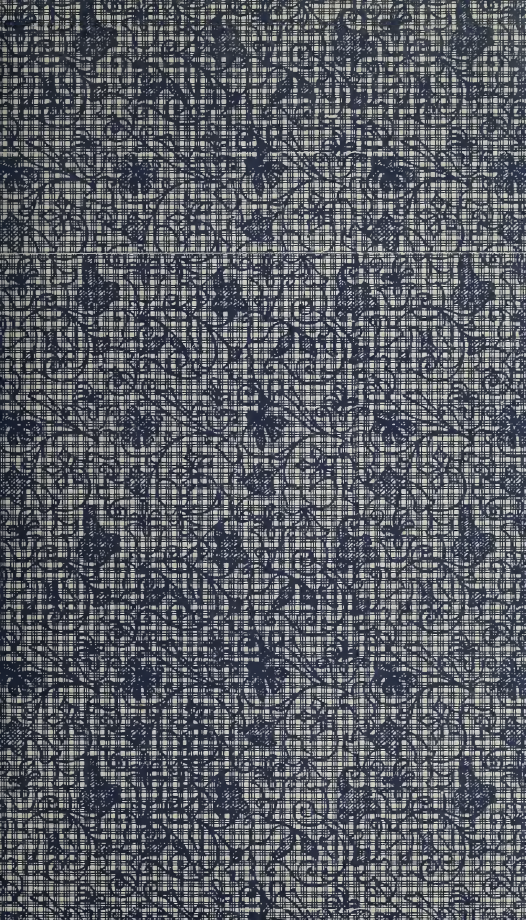




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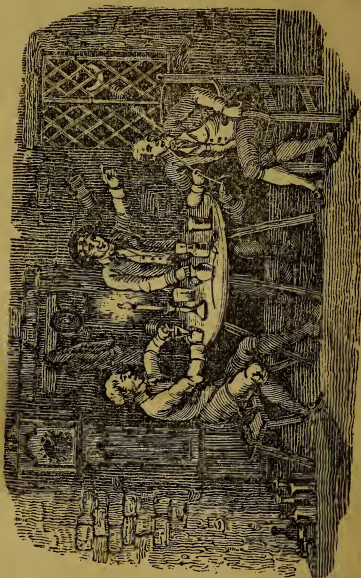


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# THE CODBECK WEDDING.



Come, bumper the Cunnerlan lasses.--Page 143.

*T. Bewick Club*

**BALLADS,**  
**IN THE**  
**CUMBERLAND DIALECT,**  
**BY ROBERT ANDERSON.**

**WITH NOTES,**  
**DESCRIPTIVE OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF**  
**THE CUMBERLAND PEASANTRY ;**  
**A GLOSSARY OF LOCAL WORDS ;**  
**AND A**  
**LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.**

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1877

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## LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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ROBERT ANDERSON was born on the morning of the 1st of February, 1770, at the Dam-Side, a suburb of the city of Carlisle. He says of himself, "I was a poor little tender being, scarce worth the trouble of rearing. Old Isabel, the midwife, who had assisted at the birth of thousands, entertained many fears that I was only sent to peep around me, shed tears, and leave them: accordingly, ere twelve times I'd seen the light, to the church they hurried me; and I have sometimes had reason to exclaim,

Oh! that near my fathers they that day had buried me."

The poet was the youngest of nine children, whose parents were at that time somewhat advanced in years, and suffering all the privations of poverty, with the tedium of toil.

Robert, as indeed, it is probable, did all his brothers and sisters, owed the first rearing of his tender thought to the Mistress of a Charity School, instituted and maintained by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, for the education of children only—an admirable institution, and to which the departed bard has many times acknowledged his lasting obligations. Having at this humble seminary of elementary learning conquered the "Primer," and the "Reading made-easy," he was transferred to the more pretending tuition of a master, by whom he was taught to write, and advance in reading and spelling. He soon became a favourite with his tutor, and used to accompany him in his rambles

and fishing excursions at leisure hours, and on holidays. "I am led to suppose," our Bard has observed, "it was during our summer excursions that an attachment to rural scenery first stole over my youthful mind. The love of nature, where she seems to say,

'Behold me, man, in all my wild attire,'

grew with me from that period to manhood." About this early period of his career, he had a narrow escape from destruction. In crossing the river Caldew, which flowed near to his home, by means of a few stones placed for the purpose, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water unobserved by any one. Providentially an old woman, coming immediately to the spot for a pail of water, perceived him struggling and almost perishing in the stream; and with some difficulty she saved him. "My mother," he has told us, in relating the occurrence, "shed tears over her drenched child, and I was ordered to bed till my clothes were dried; for such was the poverty of the family, I could not reckon more than one suit at a time."

After learning almost all that this his first Dominie could teach him, our Bard was removed to the school of a very talented man—Mr. Isaac Ritson, the Quaker, who, both as a Scholar and a Poet, was deservedly held in high estimation. Under Mr. Ritson, however, he had not the good fortune to remain longer than a few weeks. His next preceptor was Mr. Walter Scott, a native of the Scottish Border, who was a teacher in Carlisle for the long period of more than fifty years, from whom our author received what may be termed *the finishing* of his education,—though he had only just



completed his tenth year when he was transferred from the school to the less congenial labours of a Calico-Print Work, there to earn a weekly pittance to aid in the support of his aged father, his mother having died a short time previously. At this period of his life Anderson was fond of drawing, and used to devote his evenings to that pursuit, his productions generally putting a few pence in his pocket, by which he was enabled to procure the reading of books from a Circulating Library. The works of Addison, Pope, Fielding, and Smollet, were his favourite studies.

In November, 1783, Anderson, being then about 13 years of age, entered upon that occupation which was the chief manual employment of his future life—that of a pattern-drawer for Calico-printing. He was at that time bound apprentice in the concern of Messrs. T. Losh and Co., of Denton Holme, near Carlisle. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he went to London, to fulfil an engagement in his business. Unfortunately for himself, he had pledged his word to serve a deceitful wretch, whom he was compelled to arrest for wages, earned by long study and close application. The distress occasioned by the dishonesty of his employer was beyond description. The poet was for several months confined to a wretched garret, from which he seldom durst venture; and had it not been for the kindness of his sister, his life would have been forfeited to want and misery. He at length had the good fortune to obtain employment under one of amiable disposition and upright intentions. His kindness was like that of a parent, and he proved to be more like a companion than a master.

It was in London, in the year 1794, that he

seems first to have tuned his lyre: we record the circumstance in his own words.—“Being at Vauxhall Gardens, I happened to fall in with a pleasant youth, whose appearance was truly respectable. We felt equally disgusted with many of the songs written in a mock pastoral Scottish style; and supposing myself capable of producing what might by the public be considered equal, or perhaps superior, on the following day I wrote four, viz., ‘Lucy Gray of Allendale,’ ‘I sigh for the girl I adore,’ ‘The lovely brown Maid,’ and ‘Ellen and I.’ Lucy Gray was my first attempt at poetical composition; and was suggested from hearing a Northumbrian rustic relate the story of the unfortunate lovers.” These songs, with some others, were set to music by Mr. Hook, a composer of eminence, with whom the writer had formed an acquaintance, and were received with the utmost favour by the public—particularly his first effort, “Lucy Gray,” which was sung at Vauxhall, and elicited the warmest applause.

Our Bard, about this period, used occasionally to engage his leisure hours in another description of writing—one more *manual* than *mental*,—that of putting given pieces in the smallest possible compass; and he succeeded in writing by candle light, and without the aid of glasses, the Lord’s Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, a psalm, and his name, *upon a piece of paper the size of a sixpence*. He also intended to write the whole of the New Testament on a sheet of paper twenty-two inches square; but finding that this would engross the leisure hours of some years, he declined the undertaking.

In 1796, Anderson left London and returned to

his native city, having accepted an offer of employment by Messrs. Lamb, Scott, Forster, and Co., Calico Printers. It was during this period of his residence in Carlisle, that he was first induced to publish a volume of poems, which was printed by John Mitchell, and dedicated to the late J. C. Curwen, Esq., M.P. From this time he seems to have directed his attention more particularly to the Cumberland peasantry; and in 1801 his first ballad in the Cumberland dialect appeared, entitled "Betty Brown." It was so favourably received as to encourage him to proceed in that peculiar poetic walk; and within a few months he had produced a sufficient number of such pieces to form a volume, which he published under the title of "Cumberland Ballads." These were hailed with rapture by the Cumbrians, and with admiration by all; and so popular did they immediately become, that the first edition was soon exhausted, and a new one was thereupon published by Mr. Hetherton, of Wigton, who purchased the copy-right. The Ballads have since passed through many editions.

Soon after the publication of his Ballads, Anderson accepted a situation in the Print Works, near Belfast. He remained in Ireland a few years, and wrote several pieces of poetry, many of which were published in the Irish papers, and from them copied into English publications. Our Bard returned to Carlisle in 1820, in somewhat destitute circumstances. He was received with great kindness,—a public dinner was given to welcome his return by a respectable party of his friends; and measures were soon after adopted for publishing his works by subscription, in order to secure him some provision for his now declining years. The

design was well received and supported, about a thousand subscribers being procured in a short space of time. The work, in two volumes, was printed in a very creditable manner by Mr. Scott: it contained a short Auto-biography of the author—an Essay on the manners and customs of the Cumberland peasantry, in illustration of the Ballads, by Thomas Sanderson—a number of Poems—Cumberland Ballads—and Songs. In the publication of these volumes, great zeal and kindness were displayed in promoting and consummating the undertaking, by Mr. Perring, at that time the talented and much-respected Editor of the *Carlisle Patriot*.

From this time to the period of his decease, Anderson continued to reside in Carlisle, or its immediate vicinity. But his circumstances were far from comfortable. One of his besetting sins was a too ready yielding to the fascinations of the convivial board—a love, indulged “not wisely but too well,” of those strong drinks, so well described by Shakspeare as an enemy which “men put into their mouths to steal away their brains”—and which, in poor Anderson’s case stole away his purse likewise. The changes, moreover, that had taken place in the nature of his occupation as an artisan, rendered it extremely difficult to obtain constant and profitable employment. Under these circumstances, his temper became soured, his mind desponding, and he presented a hapless picture of misery and ruin—bearing a striking resemblance to those “poor starved poets” whom Ben Jonson describes as “boasting of nothing but a lean visage peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblems of indigence.” Towards the close of his life, a few

of his old friends and admirers, much to their honour, entered into a subscription to provide for him; and under their fostering care he was comfortably boarded and lodged in Annetwell Street, Carlisle, where he expired, on the evening of Thursday, the 26th of September, 1833, after a gradual decay of his vital powers. His remains were decently interred on the Sunday morning following, in St. Mary's Church-yard—his native parish,—being followed to the grave by many who had long cherished towards him the warmest feelings of friendship as a man, and of admiration as a Poet.

The manners and customs peculiar to the peasantry of Cumberland have furnished subjects to the pastoral muse of several of her provincial Bards,—Relph, Clark, Lonsdale, and others. The Cumberland Ballads written by Robert Anderson display uncommon merit, and surpass those of his predecessors as specimens of pastoral poetry. He has taken a wider view of rural life, and has been more happy in describing the peculiar cast of thought and expression, by which individual manners are distinguished. In delineating the characters of his peasants, he has closely adhered to nature and truth, never raising them above their condition in life by too much refinement, and never depressing them below it by too much vulgarity. He holds them up often to laughter, but never to contempt. He has the happy talent of catching the ludicrous in every thing that comes before him, and of expressing it with that felicity which gives it in its full force to the reader.

The locality and peculiar phraseology of his CUMBERLAND BALLADS must necessarily circumscribe



their popularity; but their general merit is such as will always find them admirers among those who are acquainted with the provincial idiom in which they are written, and with the manners and scenes which they delineate.



# CUMBERLAND BALLADS.

---

## BETTY BROWN.

TUNE—"John Anderson my jo."

WULLY.

COME, Gwordie lad, unyoke the yad,  
Let's gow to Rosley Fair ;<sup>1</sup>  
Lang Ned's afwore, wi' Symie' lad,  
Peed Dick, and monie mair :  
My titty Greace and Jenny Bell  
Are gangen bye and bye,  
Sae doff thy clogs, and don thysel—  
Let fadder luik to t' kye.

GWORDIE.

O, Wully ! laetsome may ye be !  
For me, I downa gang ;  
I've often shek'd a leg wi' tee,  
But now I's aw wheyte wrang ;  
My stomich's geane, nae sleep I get ;  
At neet I lig me down,  
But nobbet pech, and gowl, and fret,  
And aw for Betty Brown.

Sin' Cuddy Wulson' murry-neet,  
When Deavie bree's'd his shin,  
I've niver, niver yence been reet,  
And aw for her, I fin :

B

Tou kens we danc'd a threesome reel,  
 And Betty set to me—  
 She luik'd sae neyce, and danc'd sae weel,  
 What cud a body de?

My fadder fratches sair eneugh,  
 If I but steal frae heame ;  
 My mudder caws me peer deyl'd guff,  
 If Betty I but neame :  
 Atween the twee there's sec a frase,  
 O but it's bad to beyde !  
 Yet, what's far war, aye Betty says,  
 She wunnet be my breyde.

## WULLY.

Wey, Gworge ! tou's owther fuil or font,  
 To think o' sec a frow ;  
 In aw her flegmagaries donn'd,  
 What is she?—nought 'at dow :  
 Theer's scea-pe-greace Ben, the neybors ken,  
 Can git her onie day—  
 Ere I'd be fash'd wi' sec a yen,  
 I'd list, or rin away !

Wi' aw her trinkum's on her back,  
 She's feyne eneugh for t' squire ;  
 A sairy weyfe, I trow, she'd mak,  
 At cudn't muck a byre :—  
 But, whisht ! here comes my titty Greace,  
 She'll guess what we're about—  
 To mworn-o'niworn, i' this seame pleace,  
 We'll hac the stwory out.

*December 19, 1801.*

## BARBARY BELL.

TUNE—"Cuddle and Cuddle us aw thegither."

O BUT this luive is a serious thing!

It's the beginner o' monie waes;

And yen had as guid in a helter swing,

As luik at a bonny feace now-a-days :

Was there ever peer deevil sae fash'd as me?

Nobbet sit your ways still, the truth I's tell,

For I wish I'd been hung on our codlin tree,

The varra furst time I seed Barbary Bell!

Quite lish, and nit owre thrang wi' wark,

I went my ways down to Carel fair,\* 2

Wi' bran new cwoat, and brave ruffl'd sark,

And Dicky the Shaver pat flour i' my hair;

Our seyde lads are aw for fun,

Some tuik ceyder, and some drank yell;

Diddlen Deavie he strack up a tune,

And I caper'd away wi' Barbary Bell.

Says I, 'Bab,' says I, 'we'll de weel eneugh,

'For tou can kurn, and darn, and spin;

'I can deyke, men car-gear, and hod the pleugh;

'Sae at Whussenday neist we'll t' warld begin:

'I's turn'd a gayshen awt' neybors say,

'I sit like a sumph, nae mair mysel',

'And up or a bed, at heame or away,

'I think o' nought but Barbary Bell.'

Then whee sud steal in but Rob o' the Nuik,

Dick o' the Steyle,† and twee or three mair;

Suin Barb'ry frae off my knee they tuik,

'Wey, dang it!' says I, 'but this is nit fair!'

\* Carlisle fair.

† Noted pugilists.

Robbie he kick'd up a dust in a crack,  
 And sticks and neeves they went pel-mel,  
 The bottles forby the clock feace they brack,  
 But, fares-te-weel, wheyte-fit, Barbary Bell!

'Twas nobbet last week, nee langer seyne,  
 I wheyn'd i' the nuik, I can't tell how;  
 'Get up,' says my fadder, 'and sarra the sweyne!'  
 'I's bravely, Bab!' says I, 'how's tou?'  
 Neist mworn to t' cwoals I was fworc'd to gang,  
 But cowp'd the cars at Tindle Fell,  
 For I cruin'd aw the way, as I trotted alang,  
 'O that I'd never kent Barbary Bell!'

That varra seame neet up to Barbary' house,  
 When aw t' auld fwok were ligg'in asleep,<sup>3</sup>  
 I off wi' my clogs, and as whisht as a mouse,  
 Claver'd up to the window, and tuik a peep;  
 There whee sud I see, but Watty the laird—  
 Od wheyte leet on him! I munnet tell!  
 But on Setterday neist, if I live and be spar'd,  
 I'll wear a reed cwot for Barbary Bell.

April 14, 1802.

## NICHOL THE NEWSMONGER.

TUNE—" *The Night before Larry was stretch'd.*"

COME, Nichol, and gi'e us thy cracks,  
 I seed te gang down to the smiddy;  
 I've fodder'd the naigs and the nowt,  
 And wanted to see thee 'at did e.



Ay, Andrew lad ! draw in a stuil,  
And gi'e us a shek o' thy daddle ;  
I got aw the news, far and nar,<sup>4</sup>  
Sae set off as fast's e could waddle.

In France they've but sworrofu' times,  
For Bonnyprat's \* nit as he sud be ;  
America's nobbet sae sae ;  
And England nit quite as she mud be :  
Sad wark there's amang blacks and wheytes, †  
Sec tellin plain teales to their feaces,  
Wi' murders, and wars, and aw that—  
But, hod—I forgot where the pleave is.

Our parson he gat drunk as muck,  
Then ledder'd aw t' lads round about him ;  
They said he was nobbet hawf reet,  
And fwok mud as weel be widout him ;  
The yell's to be fourpence a whart—  
Odswinge, lad, there will be rare drinking !  
Billy Pitt's mad as onie March hare,  
And niver was reet, fwok are thinking.

A weddin we'll hev or it's lang,  
Wi' Bet Brag and lal Tommy Tagwally ;  
Jack Bunton's far off to the sea—  
It'll e'en be the deeth of our Sally ;  
The clogger has bowt a new wig ;  
Dalston singers come here agean Sunday ;  
Lord Nelson's ta'en three Spanish fleets,  
And the Dancin Schuil opens on Monday.

\* Bonaparte. † Alluding to the insurrection of the  
Blacks.

Carel badgers are monstrous sad fwok,  
The silly peer de'ils how they ring up !  
Lal bairns ha'e got pox frae the kye, \*  
And fact'ries, like mushrooms, they spring up ;  
If they sud keep their feet for awhile,  
And government nobbet pruiue civil,  
They'll build up as hee as the muin,  
For Carel's a match for the deevil.

The king's meade a bit of a speech,  
And gentlefwok say it's a topper ;  
An alderman deet tudder neet,  
Efter eatin' a turkey to supper ;  
Our squire's to be parliament man,  
Mess, lad, but he'll keep them aw busy !  
Whee thinks te's come heame i' the cwoach,  
Frae Lunnon, but grater-feac'd Lizzy.

The cock-feghts are ninth o' neist month,  
I've twee, nit aw England can bang them ;  
In Ireland they're aw up in arms,  
It's whop'd there's nee Frenchmen amang them ;  
A boggle's been seen wi' twee heeds.<sup>5</sup>  
Lord help us ! ayont Wully' Carras,  
Wi' girt saucer een, and a tail—  
They dui say 'twas auld Jobby Barras.

The muin was at full this neet week ;  
The weather is turn'd monstrous daggy ;  
I' th' loft, just at seeben last neet,  
Lal Stephen sweethearted lang Aggy :  
There'll be bonny wark bye and bye,  
The truth 'll be out, there's nee fear on't,  
But I niver say nought, nay, nit I,  
For fear hawf the parish sud hear on't.

\* Cow Pox.

Our Tib at the cwose-house has been,  
She tells us they're aw monstrous murry ;  
At Carel the brig's tummel'd down,  
And they tek the fwok ower in a whurry ;  
I carried our whye to the bull ;  
They've ta'en seeben spies up at Dover ;  
My fadder compleens of his hip,  
And the Grand Turk has enter'd Hanover.  
Daft Peg's got hersel, man, wi' bairn,  
And silly Pilgarlic's the fadder ;  
Lal Sim's geane and swapp'd the black cowl,  
And cwoley hes wurried the wedder ;  
My mudder hes got frostet heels,  
And peace is the talk o' the nation,  
For papers say, varra neist week  
There's to be a grand humiliation. †  
Aunt Meable has lost her best sark,  
And Cleutie is bleam'd varra mickle ;  
Nought's seafe out o' duirs now-a-days,  
Frae a millstone, e'en down to a sickle :  
The clock it streykes eight, I mun heame,  
Or I's git a deuce of a fratchin ;  
When neist we've a few hours to spare,  
We'll fin out what mischief's a-hatchin.

July 5, 1802.

---

## THE WORTON WEDDING.

TUNE—" *Dainty Davie.*"

O, sec a weddin I've been at ! <sup>6</sup>  
De'il bin, what cap'rin, feghtin, vap'rin ! <sup>7</sup>  
Priest and clark, and aw gat drunk—  
Rare deins there were there :

† Illumination.

The Thuirsky lads they fit the best ;  
 The Worton Weavers drank the meast ;  
 But Brough-seyde lairds bang'd aw the rest  
     For braggin o' their gear,  
 And singin,—Whurry whum, whuddle whum,  
     Whulty whalty, wha-wha-wha,  
 And derry dum, diddle dum,  
     Derry eyden dee.

Furst helter skelter frae the kurk ;  
     Some off like fire, through dub and mire ;  
 ' De'il tek the hindmost !' Meer' lad cries—  
     Suin head owre heels he flew :  
 ' God speed ye weel !' the priest rwoar'd out,  
 ' Or neet we's hae a hearty bout'—  
 Peer Meer' lad gat a bleaken'd snout—  
     He'd mickle cause to rue—  
     It spoil'd his—Whurry whum, &c.

When on the teable furst they set  
     The butter'd sops, sec greasy chops,  
 ' Tween lug and laggen ! oh what fun,  
     To see them girn and eat !  
 Then lispin Isbel talk'd sae feyne,  
 'Twas ' vathly thockin\* thuth to dine ;  
 ' Theck griveth † wark ! to eat like thweyne !' ‡  
     It meade her sick to se'et ;  
     Then we sung—Whurry whum, &c.

Neist stut'rin Cursty, up he ruse,  
     Wi' a-a-a, and ba-ba-ba ;  
 He'd kiss Jen Jakes, for aw lang seyne,  
     And fearfu' wark meade he ;

---

\* Vastly shocking.      † Such grievous.      ‡ Swine.

But Cursty, souple gammerstang !  
Ned Wulson brong his lug a whang ;  
Then owre he flew, the peets amang,  
And grean'd as he wad dee ;  
But some sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Aunt Ester spoil'd the gurdle ceakes,  
The speyce left out, was wrang, nae doubt ;  
Tim Trummel tuik nine cups o' tea,  
And fairly capp'd tem aw ;  
The kiss went roun ; but Sally Slee,  
When Trummel cleek'd her on his knee,  
She dunch'd and punch'd, cried, ' fuil, let be !'  
Then strack him owre the jaw,  
And we sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Far maist I leugh at Grizzly Brown,  
Frae Lunnon town she'd just come down,  
In furbelows, and feyne silk gown,  
Oh, man, but she was crouse !  
Wi' Dick the footman she wad dance,  
And ' wonder'd people could so prance ;'  
Then curtchey'd as they dui in France,  
And pautet like a geuse.  
While aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Young sour-milk Sawney, on the stuil,  
A whornpeype danc'd, and keav'd and pranc'd ;  
He slipp'd, and brak his left-leg-shin,  
And hirpl'd sair about ;  
Then cocker Wully lap bawk heet,  
And in his clogs top teyme did beat ;  
But Tamer, in her stockin feet,  
She bang'd him out and out,  
And lilted—Whurry whum, &c.

Now aw began to talk at yence,  
O' naigs and kye, and wots and rye,  
And laugh'd and jwok'd, and cough'd and smuik'd,  
And meade a fearfu' reek ;  
The furm it brak, and down they fell,  
Lang Isaac leam'd auld granny Bell ;  
They up, and drank het suggar'd yell,  
Till monie cud'nt speak,  
But some sang—whurry whum, &c.

The breyde she kest up her accounts  
In Rachel's lap, then poud her cap ;  
The parson's wig stuid aw ajy ;  
The clark sang Andrew Car ;  
Blin Staig, the fiddler, gat a whack,  
The bacon fleek fell on his back,  
And neist his fiddle-stick they brak,  
'Twas weel it was nee war,  
For he sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Now on the midden some were laid,  
Aw havey skavey, and kelavey ;  
The clogger and the teaylear fit,  
Peer Snip gat twee black een :  
Dick Wawby he began the fray,  
But Jemmy Moffat ran away,  
And crap owre head amang the hay,  
Fwok say nit varra clean ;  
Then they sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Neist Windy Wull, o' Wample seyde,  
He bang'd them aw, beath girt and smaw ;  
He flang them east, he flang them west,  
And bluidy pates they gat ;

To him they wer but caff and san ;  
He split the teable wi' his han,  
But in the dust wi' dancin Dan,  
They brunt his Sunday hat ;  
Then aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

The breyde now thowt it time for bed ;  
Her stocking doff'd, and flang 't quite soft—  
It hat Bess Bleane—Wull Webster blush'd,  
And luik'd anudder way :  
The lads down frae the loft did steal ;  
The parish howdey, Greacey Peel,  
She happ'd her up, aw wish'd her weel ;  
Then whop'd to meet neist day,  
And sing her—Whurry whum, &c.

The best on't was, the parson swore  
His wig was lost, a crown it cost,  
He belsh'd and heccupp'd, in and out,  
And said it wasn't fair :  
Now day-leet it began to peep,  
The breydegruim off to bed did creep,  
I trow he waddn't mickle sleep,  
But—whisht ! I'll say nee mair,  
Nobbet sing—Whurry whum, whuddle whum,  
Whulty, whalty, wha-wha-wha,  
And derry dum, diddle dum,  
Derry eyden dee.

*July 10, 1802.*



## SALLY GRAY.

TUNE—" *The mucking o' Geordie's byre.*"

COME, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,  
But tou mun lock't up i' thee breast,  
I wadden't for aw Dalston Parish  
It com to the ears o' the rest ;  
Now I'll hod te a bit of a weager,  
A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,  
Tou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',  
And nobbet keep off Sally Gray.

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,  
Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,  
And mony mair cums i' the county,  
But nin wi' Cumdivock can match ;  
It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,  
Wi' the fells abuin aw, far away—  
There is nee sec pleace, nit in England,  
For there lives the sweet Sally Gray !

I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday,<sup>8</sup>  
And she's just the varra seame yage ;  
For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,  
I'd freely give up a year's wage ;  
For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin,  
And singin about Jemmy Gay,  
I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen,  
For fain wad I see Sally Gray.

Had tou seen her at kurk,<sup>9</sup> man, last Sunday,  
Tou couldn't ha'e thought o' the text ;  
But she sat neist to Tom o' the Lonnin,  
Tou may think that meade me quite vext ;



Then I pass'd her gawn owre the lang meadow,  
Says I, 'Here's a canny wet day!'  
I wad ha'e said mair, but how cou'd e,  
When luikin at sweet Sally Gray!

I caw'd to sup cruds wi' Dick Miller,  
And hear aw his cracks and his jwokes;  
The dumb weyfe was tellin their fortunes, <sup>10</sup>  
What! I mud be like other fwokes!  
Wi' chawk, on a pair of auld bellows,  
Twee letters she meade in her way—  
S means Sally, the wide warl owre,  
And G stands for nought else but Gray.

O was I but lword o' the manor,  
A nabob, or parliament man,  
What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,  
Wad she nobbet gi' me her han!  
A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,  
And gar fwok stan out o' the way,  
Then I'd lowp up behint like a footman—  
Oh! the warl for my sweet Sally Gray!

They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,  
Their feathers, their durtment, and leace;  
God help them! peer deeth-luikin bodies,  
Widout a bit reed i' their feace!  
But Sally's just like allyblaster,  
Her cheeks are twee rrose-buds in May—  
O lad! I cou'd sit here for ever,  
And talk about sweet Sally Gray!

*July 24, 1802.*

## WILL AND KATE.

TUNE—"John Anderson my jo."

Now, Kate, full forty years ha'e flown, <sup>11</sup>  
Sin we met on the green;  
Frae that to this the saut, saut tear  
Has oft stuid i' my een:  
For when the bairns were some peet-heet.  
Tou kens I leam'd my knee—  
Lal todlen things, in want o' bread—  
O that went hard wi' me!

Then tou wad cry, 'Come, Wully, lad,  
'Keep up thy heart—ne'er fear!  
'Our bits o' bairns 'll scraffle up,  
'Sae dry that sworry tear:  
'There's Matthew's be an alderman;  
'A bishop we'll mak Guy;  
'Lal Ned sal be a clogger;  
'Dick sal work for tee and I.'

Then when our crops were spoil'd wi' rain,  
Sir Jwohn mud hev his rent;  
What cud we dee? nee geer had we—  
Sae I to jail was sent:  
'Twas hard to starve i' sec a pleece,  
Widout a frien to trust;  
But when I thought o' thee and bairns,  
My heart was like to brust.

Neist, ETTY, God was pleas'd to tek,  
What then, we'd seeben still;  
But whee kens what may happen—suin  
The smaw-pox did for Bill:

I think I see his slee-black een,  
 Then he wad chirm and talk,  
 And say, Ded, ded ; Mam, mam, and aw,  
 Lang, lang ere he cud walk.

At Carel, when, for six pound ten,  
 I selt twee Scotty kye,  
 They pick'd my pocket i' the thrang,  
 And de'il a plack had I ;  
 ' Ne'er ack ! ' says tou, ' we'll work for mair,'  
 ' It's time eneugh to fret ;  
 ' A pun o' sorrow wunnet pay  
 ' Ae single ounce o' debt.'

Now, todlen down the hill o' leyfe,  
 Auld yage has brought content ;  
 And, God be thank'd, our bairns are up,  
 And pay Sir Jwohn his rent :  
 When, seyde by seyde aw day we sit,  
 I often think and grieve,  
 It's hard that deeth sud part auld fwok,  
 When happy they can leve.

July 29, 1802.

### THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.<sup>1 2</sup>

TUNE—" *Low down in the broom.*"

DEUCE tek the clock ! click-clackin sae,  
 Still in a body's ear ;  
 It tells and tells the time is past,  
 When Jwohnie sud been here :  
 Deuce tek the wheel ! 'twill nit rin roun—  
 Nae mair to-neet I'll spin,  
 But count each minute wi' a seegh,  
 Till Jwohnie he steels in.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns,  
For twee to sit beside !  
And there's the seat where Jwohnie sits,  
And I forget to cheyde !  
My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores !  
My mudder's fast asleep :  
He promis'd oft, but, oh ! I fear  
His word he wunnet keep !

What can it be keeps him frae me ?  
The ways are nit sae lang,  
And sleet and snaw are nought at aw,  
If yen were fain to gang !  
Some ither lass, wi' bonnier feace,  
Has catch'd his wicked ee,  
And I'll be pointed at at kurk—  
Nay ! suiner let me dee !

O durst we lasses nobbet gang,<sup>13</sup>  
And sweetheart them we like,  
I'd rin to thee, my Jwohnie lad,  
Nor stop at bog or dyke ;  
But custom's sec a silly thing,  
For men mun hae their way,  
And mony a bonny lassie sit,  
And wish frae day to day.

But, whisht ! I hear my Jwohnie's fit—  
Aye ! that's his varra clog !  
He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—  
O hang that cwoley dog !  
Now, hey for seeghs and sugar words,  
Wi' kisses nit a few—  
O but this warl's a paradise,  
When lovers they pruiue true !

*July 31, 1802.*

## THE BUNDLE OF ODDITIES.

TUNE—" *Fie, let us a' to the bridal !*"

SIT down, and I'll count owre my sweethearts,<sup>14</sup>  
 For, faith, a brave number I've had,  
 Sin I furst went to schuil wi' Dick Railton,  
 But Dick's in his greave, honest lad !  
 I mind, when he cross'd the deep watter,  
 To get me the shilapple's est,  
 How he fell owrehead, and I skirl'd sae,  
 Then off we ran heame, sair distrest.

Then there was a bit of a teylear,  
 That work'd at our house a heale week,  
 He was sheap'd aw the warl like a trippet,  
 But niver a word durst he speak ;  
 I just think I see how he squinted  
 At me, when we sat down to meat ;  
 Owre went his het keale on his blue breeks,  
 And de'il a bit Snippy cud eat.

At partin he poud up his spirits,  
 Says he, ' Tou hes bodder'd my head,  
 ' And it sheks yen to rags and to tatters,  
 ' To sew wi' a lang double thread :'  
 Then, in meakin a cwoat for my fadder,  
 (How luive dis the senses deceive !)  
 Forby usin marrowless buttons,  
 To th' pocket-whol he stitch'd a sleeve.<sup>15</sup>

The neist was a Whaker, caw'd Jacob,  
 He turn'd up the wheyte o' his een,  
 And talk'd about flesh and the spirit—  
 Thowt I, what can Gravity mean?

In dark winter neets, i' the lonnins,  
He'd weade thro' the durt 'buin his knee,  
It cuil'd his het heart, silly gander !  
And there let him stowter for me.

A lang blue-lipt chap, like a guidepwost,  
(Lord help us and keep us frae harm !)  
Neist talk'd about car-gear and middens,  
And the reet way to manage a farm ;  
'Twas last Leady Fair<sup>16</sup> I leet on him,  
He grummell'd and spent hawf-a-crown—  
God bless him ! hed he gowd i' gowpens,  
I wadn't ha'e hed sec a clown.

But, stop ! there was lal wee deef Dicky,  
Wad dance for a heale winter neet,  
And at me aw the time wad keep glowrin—  
Peer man, he was nobbet hawf reet !—  
He grew jealous o' reed-headed Ellek,  
W'i a feace like a full harvest muin ;  
Sae they fit till they just gat eneugh on't,  
And I laugh'd at beath when 'twas duin.

There's anudder worth aw put together,  
I cud, if I wad, tell his neame ;  
He gangs past our house to the market,  
And monie a time he's set me heame :  
O wad he but ax me this question,  
'Will tou be my partner for life ?'  
I'd answer without ony blushes,  
And aye try to mek a guid wife.

*August 1, 1802.*



## LUCKLESS JONATHAN.

TUNE—"Erin go bragh."

O HEALE be thy heart! my peer merry auld cronie,  
And never may trouble draw tears frae thy e'e;  
It's reet, when he can, man sud rise abuin sorrow,  
For pity's nit common to peer fwok like me:  
When I think how we lap about mountain an'  
meadow,

Like larks in a mwornin, a young happy pair,  
Then I luik at mysel, and I see but a shadow,  
That's suffered sae mickle, it cannot beyde mair.

Tou minds, when I buried my honest auld fadder,  
O how cud I ever get owre that sad day!—  
His last words were, 'Jonathan, luik to thy  
mudder,

'And God'll reward thee,' nae mair cud he say.  
My mudder she stuid, and she fain wad ha'e spoken,  
But tears wadn't let her—O man, it was hard!—  
She tuik till her bed, and just thurteen weeks  
efter,

Was laid down ayont him in Aikton kurk-yard.

My friend, Jemmy Gunston, went owre seas to  
Inde,

For me, his auld comrade, a venture he'd tak;  
I'd screap'd up a lock money—he gat it—but  
leately

Peer Jemmy was puzzen'd, they say, by a black:  
'Twas nit for my money I fretted, but Jemmy,  
I'll ne'er forget him, as lang as I've breath;  
He said, 'Don't cry, mudder! I'll mek you a  
leady!'

But sairy auld Tamer! 'twill e'en be her death.

To mek bad far war, then I courted lal Matty,  
Her bonnie blue een, how they shot to my  
heart!  
The neet niver com but I went owre to see her,  
And when the clock struck we were sworry to  
part:  
An aunt ayont Banton a canny house left her,  
(What but health and contentment can money  
nit buy?)  
Wi' laird Hodgson o' Burgh<sup>17</sup> off she canter'd to  
Gretna,  
The varra seame mworn we our fortune sud try.  
'Twas nobbet last Cursmas I fain wad be murry,  
Sae caw'd in Dick Toppin, Tom Clarke, and  
Jwohn Howe;  
We sung, and we crack'd, but lal thowt ere neist  
mwornin,  
That aw our heale onset wad be in a lowe;  
They gat me poud out, and reet weel I remember,  
I stamp'd, ay, like mad, when the sad seet I saw,  
For that was the pleace my grandfadder was bworn  
in, <sup>18</sup>  
Forbye my twee uncles, my fadder and aw.  
Now, widout owther fadder, or mudder, or  
sweetheart,  
A friend, or a shelter to cover my head,  
I mazle and wander, nor ken what I's dein,  
And wad (if I nobbet durst) wish I were dead.  
O heale be thy heart! my peer merry auld cronie,  
And niver may trouble draw tears frae thy e'e;  
It's reet, when he can, man sud rise abuin sorrow;  
For pity's nit common to peer fwok like me.

*August 1, 1802.*



## DICK WATTERS.

TUNE—"Crowdy."

O, Jenny ! Jenny ! where's tou been ?  
Thy fadder is just mad at tee ;  
He seed somebody i' the croft,  
And guldery as he'd wurry me.  
O monie are a mudder's whopes,  
And monie are a mudder's fears,  
And monie are a bitter, bitter pang,  
Beath suin and leate her bosom tears !

We brong thee up, pat thee to schuil,  
And clead te weel as peer fwok can ;  
We larn'd thee beath to dance and read,  
But now tou's crazy for a man.  
O monie are, &c.

When tou was young, and at my knee,  
I dwoated on thee, day and neet ;  
But now tou's rakin, rakin still,  
And niver, niver i' my seet.  
O monie are, &c.

Tou's proud, and past aw guid adveyce—  
Yen mud as weel speak till a stean ;  
Still, still thy awn way, reet or wrang—  
Mess, but tou'll rue't when I am geane !  
O monie are, &c.

Dick Watters, I ha'e tel't thee oft,  
Ne'er means to be a son o' mine ;  
He seeks thy ruin, sure as deeth,  
Then like Bet Baxter tou may whine.  
O monie are, &c.

Thy fadder's comin frae the croft,  
A bonny hunsup, faith, he'll mek ;  
Put on thy clogs and auld blue brat—  
Heaste, Jenny ! heaste ! he lifts the sneck !  
O, monie are a mudder's whopes,  
And monie are a mudder's fears,  
And monie a bitter, bitter pang,  
Beath suin and leate, her bosom bears !

August 2, 1802.

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### THE LASS ABUIN THIRTY.

TUNE—" *Jockey's Grey Brecks.*"

I've wonder'd sin I kent mysel,  
What keeps the men-fwok aw frae me ;  
I's as guid-like as cousin Tib,  
And she can ha'e her choice o' three :  
For me, still moilin by mysel,  
Life's just a bitter widout sweets ;  
The simmer brings nae pleasant days,  
And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets.

I had some whopes o' Wully yence,  
And Wully was the only yen ;  
I dreamt and dreamt about him lang,  
But whopes and Wully aw are geane :  
A kiss he'd hev, I gev him twee,  
Reet weel I mind, amang the hay ;  
Neist time we met, he glump'd and gloom'd,  
And turn'd his head anither way.

A feyne pink sash my uncle sent  
Frae Lunnon yence; about my waist  
I wore't and wore't, but de'il a lad  
At me or sash a luik e'er cast:  
My yellow gown I thought was sure  
To catch some yen at Caryl Fair,  
But, oh! fareweel to gown and sash,  
I'll niver, niver wear them mair!

The throssle, when cauld winter's geane,  
Aye in our worchet welcomes spring,—  
It mun be luive, did we but ken,  
Gars him aroun his partner sing;—  
The cock and hen, the duck and drake,  
Nay e'en the smawest birds that flee,  
Ilk thing that lives, can get a mate,  
Except sec sworry things as me.

I often think how married fwok  
Mun lead a sweet and happy life;  
The prattlin bairns rin toddlin roun,  
And tie the husband to the wife:  
Then, oh! what joy when neet draws on!  
She meets him gangen frae his wark;  
But nin can tell what cheerfu' cracks  
The tweesome ha'e lang efter dark.

The wise man lives nit far frae this,  
I'll hunt him out suin as I can;  
He telt Nan Dobson whee she'd wed,  
And I'm as likely, sure, as Nan;  
But still, still moilin by mysel,  
Life's just a bitter widout sweets:  
The summer brings nee pleasant days,  
And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets!

*August 3, 1802.*

TOM LINTON.<sup>19</sup>

TUNE—"Come under my Plaidie."

TOM Linton was bworn till a brave canny fortune,  
His auld fadder screap'd aw the gear up he cud ;  
But Tom, country booby, luik'd owre hee abuin  
him,

And mix'd wi' the bad, nor e'er heeded the  
good ;

At the town he'd whore, gammle, play hell, and  
the deevil,

He wad hev his caper, nor car'd how it com ;  
Then he mud hev his greyhounds, guns, setter,  
and hunter,

And king o' the cockers they aw cursen'd Tom.

I think I just see how the lads wad flock roun  
him,

And, oh ! they were fain to shek Tom by the  
hand !

Then he'd tell how he fit wi' the barbers and bullies,  
And drank wi' the waiter till nowther cud stan :

His watch he wad show, and his lists o' the horses,  
And pou out a guinea, and offer to lay,

Till our peer country lads grew uneasy and lazy,  
And 'Tom cud hae coax'd hawf the parish away.

Then he drank wi' the 'squire, and laugh'd wid  
his worship,

And talk'd of the duke, and the deevil kens  
whee ;

He gat aw the new-fangled oaths i' the nation,  
And mock'd a peer beggar man wanting an e'e :

His fields they were mortgag'd; about it was  
whisper'd;

A farmer was robb'd nit owre far frae his house;  
At last aw was selt his auld fadder had toil'd for,  
And silly Tom Linton left nit worth a sous.

His fortune aw spent, what! he'd ha'e the laird's  
dowter,

But she pack'd him off wid a flee in his ear;  
Neist thing, an auld comrade, for money Tom  
borrow'd,

E'en pat him in prison, and bad him lig there;  
At last he gat out, efter lang he had suffer'd,  
And sair had repented the sad life he'd led:  
Widout shoon till his feet, in a soldier's auld jacket,  
He works on the turnpike reet hard for his  
bread.

Now folly seen into, ragged, peer, and down-  
hearted,

He toils and he frets, and keen wants daily press;  
If cronies ride by, wey, alas! they've forgot him,  
For whee can remember auld friends in distress?  
O pity, what pity, that, in ev'ry county,  
See monie Tom Lintons may always be found!  
Deuce tek aw girt nwotions, and whurligig fashions,  
Contentment's a kingdom, aye aw the warl round!

*August 4, 1802.*



THE HAPPY FAMILY.<sup>20</sup>

TUNE—"O'er Bogie."

THE hollow blast blows owre the hill,  
And comin down's the sleet ;  
God help them, widout house or hauld,  
This dark and stormy neet !  
Come, Jobby, gi'e the fire a prod,  
Then steek the entry duir ;  
It's wise to keep cauld winter out,  
When we ha'e 't in our pow'r.

Heaste, Jenny ! put the bairns to bed,  
And mind they say their pray'rs ;  
Sweet innocents ! their heads yence down,  
They sleep away their cares !  
But gi' them furst a butter-shag,  
When young they munnet want,  
Nor ever sal a bairn o' mine,  
While I've a bite to grant.

O wife ! that weary rheumatism,  
E'en gars thee luik but thin ;  
I mind when thou was fresh and fair,  
And fattest o' thy kin ;  
But yage comes on, dui what we can—  
We munnet think it hard ;—  
A week at Gilsland thou salt try,  
Neist summer, if we're spar'd.

Now, seated at my awn fire-nuik,  
Content as onie king,  
For hawf an hour afwore we sleep,  
Bess, quit thy wark and sing :

Try that about the beggar lass,  
'Twill please thy mudder best,  
For she, tou kens, can always feel  
For peer fwok when distrest.

Nay ! what it's owre ! tou cannot sing,  
But weel I guess the cause ;  
Young Wulliam sud ha'e come to neet—  
Consider, lass ! it snaws !  
Another neet 'll suin be here,  
Sae divvent freet and whine :  
Come when he will, he's welcome still  
To onie bairn o' mine.

I'll ne'er forget, when we were young,  
(Thy mudder kens as weel,)  
We met but yence a month, and then  
Out she was fworc'd to steal :  
The happiest day we e'er had known,  
Was when I caw'd her mine,  
But monie a thousand happier days  
We beath ha'e kent sin-seyne.

*August 5, 1802.*

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## THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

TUNE—" *The Campbell's are coming.*"

O, EDEN ! whenever I range thy green banks,  
And view aw the scenes o' my infantine pranks,  
Where wi' pleasure I spworted, ere sorrow began,  
I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man :

To memory dear are the days o' yen's youth,  
When, enraptur'd, we luik'd at each object wi' truth,  
And, like fairies, a thousand wild frolics we play'd;  
But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly  
pourtray'd.

I think o' my playmates,<sup>21</sup> dear imps, I lov'd best!  
Now divided, like larks efter leaving the nest!  
How we trembl'd to schuil, and wi' copy and  
buik,  
Oft read our hard fate in the maister's stern luik;  
In summer, let lowse, how we brush'd thro' the  
wood,  
And meade seevy caps on the brink o' the flood;  
Or watch'd the seap-bubbles, or ran wi' the kite,  
Or launch'd paper navies, how dear the delight!

There was Jock Smith, the boggle,—I mind him  
reet weel,  
We twee to Blain's hay-loft together wad steal;  
And of giants, ghosts, witches, and fairies oft  
read,  
Till sae freeten'd, we hardly durst creep off to bed:  
Then, in winter, we'd caw out the lasses to play,  
And tell them the muin shone as breet as the day;  
Or scamper, like wild things, at hunting the hare,  
Tig-touch-wood, four corners, or twenty gams mair.

Then my fadder, God bless him! at thurteen oft  
said,  
'My lad, I mun get thee a bit of a trade;  
'O, cud I afford it, mair larnin thou'd get!'  
But peer was my fadder, and I's unlearned yet:



And then my furst sweetheart, an angel was she!  
But I only meade luive thro' the tail o' my e'e:  
I mind when I met her I panted to speak,  
But stood silent, and blushes spread aw owre my  
cheek.

At last, aw the play-things o' youth laid aside,  
Now luive, whope, and fear did my moments divide,  
And wi' restless ambition deep sorrow began,  
But I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man:  
To memory dear are the days o' yen's youth,  
When, enraptur'd, we luik'd at ilk object wi' truth,  
And, like fairies, a thousand wild frolics we play'd;  
But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly  
pourtray'd.

August 5, 1802.

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### PEACE.

TUNE—"There's nae luck about the house."

Now, God be prais'd! we've peace at last,  
For Nichol he's been down,  
And sec a durdem, Nichol says,  
They've hed in Lunnon town;  
The king thowt war wad ruin aw,  
And Bonnyprat the seame,  
And some say teane, and some say beath,  
Ha'e lang been much to bleame.

Now monie a weyfe will weep for joy,<sup>22</sup>  
And monie a bairn be fain,  
To see the fadders they'd forgot,  
Come seafe and sound agean;

And monie a yen will watch in vain,  
Wi' painfu' whopes and fears,  
And oft the guilty wretches bleame,  
That set fwok by the ears.

My Cousin Tommy went to sea,  
And lost his left-hand Thum ;  
He tells sec teales about the feight,  
They mek us aw sit dum ;  
He says it is reet fearfu' wark,  
For them that's fworc'd to see't—  
The bullets whuzzing past yen's lugs,  
And droppen down like sleet.

But Peter, our peer sarvant man,  
Was far owre proud to work,—  
They said a Captain he sud be,  
Alang wi't Duke o' York :  
Wi' powder'd heed away he marched,  
And gat a wooden leg ;  
But monie a time he's rued sin seyne,  
For now he's fworc'd to beg.

Ay, but our Sally wull be fain,  
Sud Lanty but cum back !  
Then owre the fire, i' winter neets,  
We wull ha'e monie a crack ;—  
He'll tell us aw the ins and outs,  
For he can write and read ;  
But Sally's heart for sure 'll brek,  
If he's amang the dead.

O ! but I us'd to wonder much,  
And think what thousands fell ;  
Now what they've aw been feightin for,  
The deil a yen can tell ;—

But, God be prais'd! we've peace at last,  
The news hes spread afar ;  
O may our bairns and bairns' bairns hear  
Nae mair o' murderous war.

*August 6, 1802.*

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### THE CUMBERLAND FARMER.

I've thought and I've thought, agean and agean,  
Sin I was peat-heet, now I see it quite plain,  
That farmers<sup>1 3</sup> are happier far, tho' we're peer,  
Than thur they caw gentlefwok, wi' aw their gear ;  
Then why about riches aye mek sec a fuss,  
Gi'e us meat, drink, and cleading, it's plenty for us :  
Frae the prince to the ploughman, ilk hes but his  
day,  
And when Deeth gi'es a beckon, we aw mun obey.

There's our 'squire, wi' his thousands, jant jantin  
about,  
What! he'd gi'e aw his gear to get shot o' the gout :  
Nowther heart-ach nor gout e'er wi' rakin had I,  
For labour brings that aw his gold cannot buy :  
Then he'll say to me, 'Jacob, tou whussels and  
sings,  
'Mess, lad, but you've ten times mair pleasure than  
kings ;  
'I mean honest simplicity, freedom, and health ;  
'These are dearer to man, than the trappings o'  
wealth.

Can ought be mair sweet than, like larks in a  
mworn,

To rise wi' the sunshine, and luik at the cworn?  
Tho' in winter, it's true, dull and lang are the neets,  
But thro' life fwok mun aye tek the bitters wi'  
sweets.

When God grants us plenty, and hous'd are the  
crops,

How we feast on cruds, collops, and guid butter-  
sops,

Let your feyne fwok in town brag o' dainties whee  
will,

Content and the country for my money still.

They may tell o' their gardens as lang as they like,  
Don't the flow'rs bluim as fair under ony thworn  
dike?

The deil a guid bite they wad e'er get, I trow,  
Wer't not for the peer man that follows the plough.  
If we nobbet get plenty to pay the laird's rent,  
And keep the bairns teydey, we aye sleep content;  
Then, ye girt little fwok, niver happy in town,  
Blush, blush, when ye laugh at a peer country  
clown.

*August 25, 1802.*

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## THE DISAPPOINTMENT

TUNE—"Ettrick Banks."

THE muin shone breet at nine last neet,  
When Jemmy Sharp com owre the muir;  
Weel did I ken a lover's fit,  
And heard him softly tap the duir:

My fadder started i' the nuik,  
 ' Rin, Jenny ! see what's that,' he said :  
 I whisper'd, ' Jemmy, come to-mworn,'  
 And then a leame excuse suin meade.

I went to bed, but cudn't sleep,  
 This luive sae breks a body's rest ;  
 The mwornin dawn'd, then up I gat,  
 And seegh'd and aye luik'd tow'rds the west ;  
 But when far off I saw the wood,  
 Where he unlock'd his heart to me,  
 I thought o' monie a happy hour,  
 And then a tear gush'd frae my e'e.

To-neet my fadder's far frae heame,  
 And wunnet come these three hours yet ;  
 But, O ! it pours, and I'd be leath  
 That Jemmy sud for me get wet !  
 Yet, if he dis, guid heame-brew'd yell  
 Will warm his cheerfu' honest heart ;  
 Wi' him, my varra life o' life !  
 It's fain to meet, but leath to part.

*August 28, 1802.*

### AULD MARGET.

AULD Marget in the fauld she sits,  
 And spins, and sings, and smuiks by fits,  
 And cries as she had lost her wits—

' O this weary, weary warl !'<sup>24</sup>

Yence Marget was as lish a lass  
 As e'er in summer trod the grass ;  
 But fearfu' changes come to pass

In this weary, weary warl !

Then, at a murry-neet or fair,  
 Her beauty meade the young fwok stare;  
 Now wrinkled is that feace wi' care—

O this weary, weary warl!

Yence Marget she hed dowters twee,  
 And bonnier lasses cudna be;  
 But nowther kith nor kin has she—

O this weary, weary warl!

The eldest, wi' a soldier gay,  
 Ran frae her heame, ae luckless day,  
 And e'en lies buried far away—

O this weary, weary warl!

The youngest she did nought but whine,  
 And for the lads wad fret and pine,  
 Till hurried off by a decline—

O this weary, weary warl!

Auld Andrew toil'd reet sair for bread—  
 Ae neet they fan him cauld, cauld dead,  
 Nae wonder that turn'd Marget's head—

O this weary, weary warl!

Peer Marget! oft I pity thee,  
 Wi' care-worn cheek and hollow e'e,  
 Bowed down by yage and poverty—

O this weary, weary warl!

August 28, 1802.

### FIRST LUIVE.

TUNE—"Cold and raw."

It's just three weeks sin' Carel fair,  
 This sixteenth o' September;  
 There the furst loff of a sweetheart I gat,  
 Sae that day I'll remember.

This luive meks yen stupid—ever sin seyne  
I's thinkin and thinkin o' Wully ;  
I dung owre the knop, and scawder'd my fit,  
And cut aw my thoum wi' the gully.

O, how he danc'd ! and, O how he talk'd !  
For my life I cannot forget him ;  
He wad hev a kiss—I gev him a slap—  
But if he were here I'd let him.  
Says he, ' Mally Maudlin, my heart is thine !'  
And he brong sec a seegh, I believ'd him :  
Thought I, Wully Wintrep, thou's welcome to  
mine,  
But my head I hung down to deceive him.

Twee yards o' reed ribbon to wear for his seake,  
Forby ledder mittens, he bought me ;  
But when we were thinkin o' nought but luive,  
My titty, de'il bin ! com and sought me :  
The deuce tek aw clashes ! off she ran heame,  
And e'en telt my tarn'd auld mudder ;  
There's sec a te-dui—but let them fratch on—  
Miss him, I'll ne'er get sec anudder !

Neist Sunday, God wullin ! we promised to meet,  
I'll get frae our tweesome a baitin ;  
But a lee mun patch up, be't rang or be't reet,  
For Wully he sha'not stan waitin :  
The days they seem lang, and lang are the neets,  
And, waes me ! this is but Monday !  
I seegh, and I think, and I say to mysel,  
O that to-morrow were Sunday !

*September 16, 1802.*



## LAL STEPHEN.

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

LAL Stephen<sup>25</sup> was bworn at Kurkbanton,  
Just five feet three inches was he ;  
But at ploughing, or mowing, or shearing,  
His match you but seldom cud see ;  
Then at dancin, O he was a capper !  
He'd shuffle and lowp till he sweat ;  
And for singin he ne'er hed a marrow,  
I just think I hear his voice yet.

And then wid a sleate and a pencil,  
He capp'd aw our larned young lairds ;  
And played on twee jew-trumps together,  
And aye come off winner at cards :  
At huntin a brock or an otter,  
At trackin a fountert or hare,  
At pittin a cock or at shootin,  
Nae lad cud wi' Stephen compare.

And then he wad feight like a fury,  
And count fast as hops aw the stars,  
And read aw the news i' the paper,  
And talk about weddins and wars ;  
And then he wad drink like a Briton,  
And spend the last penny he had,  
And aw the peer lasses about him,  
For Stephen were runnin stark mad.

Our Jenny she writ him a letter,  
And monie a feyne thing she said—  
But my fadder he just gat a gliff on't,  
And faith a rare durdem he meade ;



Then Debby, that leev'd at Drumleenin,  
She wad hev him aw till hersel,  
For ae neet when he stuil owre to see her,  
Wi' sugger she sweetened his keale.

Then Judy she darned aw his stockings,  
And Sally she meade him a sark,  
And Lizzy, the laird's youngest dowter,  
Kens weel whe she met efter dark ;  
Aunt Ann, o' the wrang seyde o' fifty,  
E'en thowt him the flower o' the flock—  
Nay, to count yen by yen aw his sweethearts,  
Wad tek a full hour by the clock.

O ! but I was vext to hear tell on't,  
When Nichol the teydins he brought,  
That Stephen was geane for a soldier—  
Our Jenny she gowled, ay, like ought :  
Sin' that we've nae spwort efter supper,  
We nowther get sang or a crack ;  
Our lasses sit beytin their fingers,  
Aw wishin for Stephen seafe back.

November 15, 1802.

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## THE BASHFUL WOOER.

TUNE—" *Dainty Davie.*

WHENE'ER ye come to woo me, Tom,  
Dunnet at the window tap,  
Or cough, or hem, or gi'e a clap,  
To let my fadder hear, man ;  
He's auld and fealed, and wants his sleep,  
Sae by the hallan softly creep,  
Ye need nae watch, and glower, and peep,  
I'll meet ye, niver fear, man :

If a lassie ye wad win,  
    Be cheerfu' iver, bashfu' niver ;  
Ilka Jock may get a Jen,  
    If he hes sense to try, man.

Whene'er we at the market meet,  
    Dunnet luik like yen hawf daft,  
    Or talk about the cauld and heat,  
        As ye were weather-wise, man ;  
Haud up yer head, and bauldly speak,  
And keep the blushes frae yer cheek,  
For he whee hes his teale to seek,  
    We lasses aw despise, man :  
                                If a lassie, &c.

I met ye leately, aw yer leane,  
    Ye seemed like yen stown frae the dead,  
    Yer teeth e'en chattered i' yer head,  
        But ne'er a word o' luive, man ;  
I spak, ye luik'd anudder way,  
Then trimmel'd as ye'd got a flay,  
And owre yer shou'der cried 'guid day,'  
    Nor yence to win me struive, man :  
                                If a lassie, &c.

My aunty left me threeswore pun,  
    But De'il a yen of aw the men,  
    Till then, did bare-legg'd Elcy ken,  
        Or care a strae for me, man ;  
Now, tiggin at me suin and late,  
They're cleekin but the yellow bait ;  
Yet, mind me, Tom, I needn't wait,  
    When I ha'e choice o' three, man :  
                                If a lassie, &c.

There lives a lad owre yonder muir,  
He hes nae fau't but yen—he's puir ;

Whene'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet,  
He's like to be my deeth, man ;  
And there's a lad ahint yon trees,  
Wad weade for me abuin the knees ;  
Sae tell yer mind, or, if ye please,  
Nae langer fash us baith, man.

If a lassie, &c.

January 5, 1803.

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### THE AUNTY.

WE'VE roughness amang hands, we've kye i' the  
byre,

Come live wi' us, lassie, it's aw I desire ;  
I'll lig i' the loft, and gi'e my bed to thee,  
Nor sal ought else be wantin that guidness can gi'e :  
Sin' the last o' thy kin, thy peer aunty, we've lost,  
Thou frets aw the day, and e'en luiks like a ghost.

I mind, when she sat i' the nuik at her wheel,  
How she'd tweyne the slow thread, and aye coun-  
sel us weel,

Then oft whisper me, ' Thou wad mek a top wife ;'  
' And pray God to see thee weel sattl'd in life ;'  
Then what brave funny teales she cud tell the neet  
through,

And bless the peer fwok, if the stormy win blew.

That time when we saunter'd owre leate at the town,  
'Twas the day, I weel mind, when tou gat thy  
chintz gown,

For the watters were up, and pick dark was the neet,  
And she lissen'd and cry'd, and thought aw wasn't  
reet ;

But, oh ! when you met, what a luik did she give !—  
I can niver forget her as lang as I live.

How I like thee, dear lassie! thou's oft heard me tell;  
 Nay, I like thee far better than I like mysel;  
 And when sorrow forsakes thee, to kurk we'll e'en  
     gang,

But tou munnet sit pinin thy leane aw day lang;  
 Come owre the geate, lassie, my titty sal be  
 A companion to her that's aye dearest to me.

January 6, 1803.

### THE RURAL VISIT.

TUNE—"The sutor's dower."

I WENT to see young Susy,  
     Bonny, teydey, blithe was she;  
 I slyly kiss'd her cherry lips,  
     And mark'd the magic o' her e'e,  
     That in my fancy rais'd desire;  
 But purer passion never burn'd  
     In onie lover's bosom;  
 And aye may sorrow wet his cheek,  
     Who'd crush sae rare a blossom!

And now the rwsie lassie  
     The cleath she laid, and teable spread  
 Wi' monie a dainty quickly,  
     And monie a welcome thing she said;  
     But nit sae sweet the honey-cwom,  
 As Susy's temptin cherry lips,  
     That fir'd at once my bosom:  
 O may no rude destroyer dare  
     To crop sae fair a blossom!

And now, to greet the stranger,  
     The wearied auld fwok dander'd heame,

And village news recounted :

The guid man bade his sonsy deame  
Trim up the fire and mek the tea ;  
The gurdle-cakes as Susy turn'd,  
I watch'd her heaving bosom,  
And pleasure beam'd in ilka feace,  
To see sae sweet a blossom.

And now, to please the auld fwok,  
The sang and teale went gaily round,  
Till neet had drawn her curtain  
Some full five hours ; I ruse, and fan  
Young Susy half consenting  
To set me out a mile o' geate ;<sup>2 6</sup>  
I held her to my bosom,  
And, parting, kiss'd, and pray'd kind Heav'n  
To guard this beauteous blossom.

January 8, 1803.

# WATTY.

TUNE—" *The lads o' Dunse.*"

If ye ax where I come frae, I say the Fell-seyde,  
Where fadder and mudder, and honest fwok beyde ;  
And my sweetheart, O bless her ! she thowt nin  
like me,  
For when we shuik hans, the tears gush'd frae her  
e'e :

Says I, ' I mun e'en git a spot if I can,  
' But, whatever betyde me, I'll think o' thee, Nan !'

Nan was a parfet beauty, wi' twee cheeks like  
codlin blossoms ; the varra seet on her meade my  
mouth aw watter. ' Fares-te-weel, Watty !' says

she ; ' tou's a wag amang t' lasses, and I'll see thee  
nae mair !'—' Nay, dunnet gowl, Nan !' says I,

' For, mappen, ere lang, I's be maister mysel ;'  
Sae we buss'd, and I tuik a last luik at the fell.

On I whussel'd and wonder'd ; my bundle I flung  
Owre my shou'der, when Cwoley he efter me  
sprung,

And howled, silly fellow ! and fawned at my fit,  
As if to say—Watty, we munnet part yet !

At Carel I stuid wi' a strea i' my mouth,<sup>27</sup>

And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promisin youth.

The weyves com roun me in clusters : ' What  
weage dus te ax, canny lad?' says yen.—' Wey, three  
pun and a crown ; wunnet beate a hair o' my beard.'  
' What can te dui?' says anudder.—' Dui ! wey  
I can plow, sow, mow, sheer, thresh, deyke, milk,  
kurn, muck a byre, sing a psalm, mend car-gear,  
dance a whornpeype, nick a naig's tail, hunt a brock,  
or feight iver a yen o' my weight in aw Croglin  
parish.'

An auld bearded hussey suin caw'd me her man—  
But that day, I may say't, aw my sorrows began.

Furst Cwoley, peer fellow ! they hang'd i' the street,  
And skinn'd, God forgie them ! for shoon to their  
feet !

I cry'd, and they caw'd me peer hawf-witted clown,  
And banter'd and follow'd me aw up and down :  
Neist my deame she c'en starv'd me, that niver  
leev'd weel,—

Her hard words and luiks wad ha'e freeten'd the  
de'il :

She hed a lang beard, for aw t' warl leyke a billy  
gwoat, wi' a kill-dried frosty feace ; and then the

smawest leg o' mutton in aw Carel market sarrat  
the cat, me, and her, for a week. The bairns meade  
sec gam on us, and thunder'd at the rapper, as if  
to waken a corp; when I open'd the duir, they  
threw stour i' my een, and caw'd me daft Watty;

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was out,  
And, wi' weage i' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

Suin my reet-hand breck pocket they pick'd in a  
fray,

And wi' fifteen wheyte shillings they slipp'd clean  
away,

Forby my twee letters frae mudder and Nan,  
Where they said Carel lasses wad Watty trepan:  
But 'twad tek a lang day just to tell what I saw—  
How I skeap'd frae the gallows, the sowdjers and aw.

Ay! there were some fworgery chaps bad me  
just sign my neame. 'Nay,' says I, 'you've gotten  
a wrang pig by the lug, for I canno write!' Then  
a fellow like a lobster, aw leac'd and feather'd, ax'd  
me, 'Watty, wull te list? thou's owther be a general  
or a gomoral.'—'Nay, I wunnet—tha't's plain: I's  
content wi' a cwoat o' mudder's spinnin.'

Now, wi' twee groats and tuppence, I'll e'en toddle  
heame,

But ne'er be a sowdger wheyle Watty's my neame.

How my mudder 'll gowl, and my fadder 'll stare,  
When I tell them peer Cwoley they'll never see  
mair,

Then they'll bring me a stuil;—as for Nan, she'll  
be fain,

When I kiss her, God bless her, agean and agean!  
The barn and the byre, and the auld hollow tree,  
Will just seem like cronies yen's fidgin to see.

The sheep 'll nit ken Watty's voice now ! The  
peat-stack we us'd to lake roun 'll be brunt ere this !  
As for Nan, she'll be owther married or broken-  
hearted ; but sud aw be weel at Croglin, we'll ha'e  
feastin, fiddlin, dancin, drinkin, singin, and smuik-  
in, aye, till aw's blue about us :

Amang aw our neybors sec wonders I'll tell,  
But niver mair leave my auld friends or the fell  
*January 10, 1803.*

### JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

TUNE—" *Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*"

O, LASS ! I've fearfu' news to tell !  
What thinks te's come owre Jemmy ?  
The sowdgers hev e'en pick'd him up,  
And sent him far, far frae me :  
To Carel he set off wi' wheat ;  
Them ill reed-cwoated fellows<sup>28</sup>  
Suin wil'd him in—then meade him drunk :  
He'd better geane to th' gallows.

The varra seet o' his cockade  
It set us aw a-crying ;  
For me, I fairly fainted tweyce,  
Tou may think that was tryin :  
My fadder wad ha'e paid the smart,  
And show'd a gowden guinea,  
But, lack-a-day ! he'd kiss'd the buik,  
And that 'll e'en kill Jenny.

When Nichol tells about the wars,  
It's war than deeth to hear him ;



I oft steal out, to hide my tears,  
And cannot, cannot bear him;  
For aye he jeybes, and cracks his jwokes,  
And bids me nit forseake him;  
A brigadier, or grandidier,  
He says, they're sure to meake him.

If owre the stibble fields I gang,  
I think I see him ploughin,  
And 'ev'ry bit o' bread I eat,  
It seems o' Jemmy's sowing:  
He led the varra cwoals we burn,  
And when the fire I's leetin,  
To think the peats were in his hands,  
It sets my heart a beatin.

What can I de? I nought can de,  
But whinge and think about him:  
For three lang years he follow'd me,  
Now I mun live widout him?  
Brek heart, at yence, and then it's owre!  
Life's nought widout yen's dearie.  
I'll suin lig in my cauld, cauld grave,  
For, oh! of life I'm weary!

*April 19, 1803.*

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MATTHEW MACREE.<sup>29</sup>

TUNE—"The wee pickle tow."

SIN I furst work'd a sampleth at Biddy Forsyth's,  
I ne'er saw the marrow o' Matthew Macree;  
For down his braid back hing his lang yallow locks,  
And he hes a cast wi' his bonny grey e'e;

Then he meks us aw laugh, on the stuil when he  
stands,

And acts like the players, and gangs wi' his hands,  
And talks sec hard words as nit yen understands—

O, what a top scholar is Matthew Macree!

'Twas nobbet last Easter his cock wan the main,  
I stuid i' the ring rejoicin to see;

The bairns they aw shouted, the lasses were fain,  
And the lads o' their shoulders bore Matthew  
Macree:

Then at lowpin he'll gang a full yard owre them aw,  
And at rustlin, whilk o' them dare try him a faw?  
And whee is't that aye carries off the fit-baw?

But the King of aw Cumberland, Matthew Macree.

That time when he fit full two hours at the fair,  
And lang Jemmy Smith gat a famish black e'e;  
Peer Jemmy I yence thought wad niver paw mair,  
And I was reet sworry for Matthew Macree:  
Then he wad shek the bull-ring, and brag the  
heale town,

And to feight, rin, or russle, he put down a crown;  
Saint Gworge, the girt champion, o' fame and  
renown,

Was nobbet a waffler to Matthew Macree.

On Sundays, in bonny wheyte weastwoat when  
dress'd,

He sings i' the kurk, what a topper is he!  
I hear his strang voice far abuin aw the rest,  
And my heart still beats time to Matthew Macree.  
Then his feyne eight-page ditties, and garlands sae  
sweet,

They mek us aw merry the lang winter neet,  
But, when he's nit amang us, we niver seem reet,  
Sae fond are the lasses o' Matthew Macree.

My fadder he left me a house on the hill,  
And I's get a bit lan sud my aunty dee,  
Then I'll wed bonny Matthew whenever he will,  
For gear is but trash widout Matthew Macree:  
We'll try to shew girt fwok content in a cot,  
And when in our last heame together we've got,  
May our bairns and their neybor's oft point to the  
spot  
Where lig honest Matthew and Jenny Macree.  
June 12, 1803.

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## CALEP CROSBY.

TUNE—"Auld Rob Morris."

O WIFE! I wad fain see our Sukey dui reet,  
But she's out wi' the fellows, aye neet efter neet;  
Them that's fash'd wi' nae bairns iver happy mun  
be,  
For we've yen, and she's maister o' baith thee and me.  
I can't for the life o' me get her to wark,<sup>30</sup>  
Nor aw the lang Sunday to ga near a kurk,  
Nor frae week en to week en a chapter to read,  
For the Bible ligs stoury abuin the duir head.  
She yence cud ha'e scammell'd and writ her awn  
neame,  
And, Sunday and warday, was teydey at heame;  
Now, to see her whol'd stockins, her brat and her  
gown,  
She's a shem and a byzen to aw the heale town.  
O wad she be guided, and stick till her wheel,  
There's nin kens how fain I wad see her dui weel;

For she's thy varra picture, and aw that we have,  
But thur neets' warks 'll bring my grey hairs to  
the grave.

'Twas nobbet last week, in a passion I flew,  
And gave her a trouncin—but sair I did rue;  
Then I bad her e'en pack up her duds, and we'd  
part,  
For to streyke my ain bairn it just breks my auld  
heart.

There's that ill Calep Crosby, he's never away,  
He's gleymin and watchin her beath neet and day;  
Sud he come in my clutches a ken-guid he's get,  
For, tho' auld, leame, and feeble, I'll maister him yet.

I'll away owre to Whitten\* a press-gang to seek,  
And they's lig him in irons, ay this varra week;  
On his back he may tie her, a donnet is she,  
And sha'not be maister o' beath thee and me!

July 2, 1803.

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### FECKLESS WULLY.

WEE Wully wuns on yonder brow,  
And Wully he hes dowters twee;  
But nought cud feckless Wully dui,  
To get them sweethearts weel to see.

For Meg she luik'd baith reet and left,  
Her een they bwor'd a body thro';  
And Jen was deaf, and dun, and daft,  
And de'il a yen com there to woo.

The neybors wink'd, the neybors jeer'd,  
The neybors flyr'd at them in scworn,

And monie a wicked trick they play'd  
 Peer Meg and Jen, beath neet and mworn.  
 As Wully went ae day to wark,  
 He kick'd a summet wid his shoe;  
 And Wully glowr'd, and Wully girn'd,  
 'Guide us!' quoth he, 'what ha'e we now?'  
 And Wully cunn'd owre six scwore pun,  
 And back he ran wi' nimmle heel,  
 And aye he owre his shou'der glym'd,  
 And thought he'd dealins wi' the de'il.  
 And Wully's bought a reet snug house,  
 And Wully's bought a bit o' lan;  
 And Meg and Jen are trig and crouse,  
 Sin' he the yellow pwokie fan.  
 Nae mair the neybors wink and jeer,  
 But aw shek hans wi' them, I trow;  
 And ilk yen talks o' William's gear,  
 For Wully's chang'd to William now.  
 And some come east, and some come west,  
 And some come monie a mile to woo;  
 And Meg luiks straight, and Jen has sense,  
 And we aw see what gear 'll dui.  
 Ye rich fwok aw, ye'll aye dui reet;  
 Ye peer fwok aw, ye'll aye dui wrang;  
 Let wise men aw say what they will,  
 It's money meks the meer to gang.  
July 3, 1803.

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### THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

Ay, lad! sec a murry-neet we've hed at Bleckell,<sup>31</sup>  
 The sound o' the fiddle yet rings in my ear;  
E

Aw reet clipt and heeled were the lads and the  
lasses,

And monie a cliver lish hizzy was there :  
The bettermer swort sat snug i' the parlour,  
I' the pantry the sweethearters cutter'd sae soft ;  
The dancers they kick'd up a stour in the kitchen ;  
At lanter the caird-lakers sat in the loft.

The clogger o' Dawston's a famish top hero,  
And bangs aw the player-fwok twenty to yen ;  
He stampt wid his fit, and he shouted and roystered,  
Till the sweat it ran off at his varra chin en ;  
Then he held up ae han like the spout of a tea-pot,  
And danc'd cross the buckle and leather-te-patch ;  
When they cry'd 'bonny Bell!' he lap up to the  
ceilin,

And aye cracked his thoums for a bit of a fratch.  
The Hiverby lads at fair drinkin are seypers ;  
At cockin the Dawstoners niver were bet ;  
The Buckabank chaps are reet famish sweethearters,  
Their kisses just sound like the sneck of a yeat ;  
The lasses o' Bleckell are sae monie angels ;  
The Cummersdale beauties aye glory in fun—  
God help the peer fellow that gleymes at them  
dancin,

He'll steal away heartless as sure as a gun.

The 'bacco was strang, and the yell it was lythey,  
And monie a yen bottomed a whart leyke a kurn ;  
Daft Fred, i' the nuik, leyke a hawf-rwosted deevil,  
Telt sly smuttystwories, and meade them aw gurn ;  
Then yen sung Tom Linton, anudder Dick Watters,  
The auld farmers bragg'd o' their fillies and  
fwoals,

Wi' jeybin and jwokin, and hotchin and laughin,  
Till some thowt it time to set off to the cwoals.

But, hod! I forgat—when the clock strack eleeben,  
The dubbler was brong in, wi' wheyte breed and  
brown;

The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a topper,  
And lumps big as lapsteans our lads gobbled  
down:

Aye the douse dapper lanleddy cried, 'Eat and  
welcome,

'I' God's neame step forret; nay, dunnet be  
bleate!'

Our guts aw weel pang'd, we buck'd up for blin  
Jenny,

And neist paid the shot on a girt powder plate.

Now full to the thropple, wi' head-warks and heart-  
aches,

Some crap to the clock-kease instead o' the duir;  
Then sleepin and snworin tuik pleast o' their  
rwoarin;

And teane abuin tudder they laid on the fluir.

The last o' December, lang lang we'll remember,

At five i' the mworn, eighteen hundred and twee:

Here's health and success to the brave Jwohney  
Dawston,

And monie sec meetings may we leeve to see!

July 4, 1803.

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## THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE.

TUNE—"Farewell to Bamf."

THE summer sun was out o' seet,

His partin beams danc'd on the fluid:

The fisher watch'd the silver fry,

As i' the stream he bending stuid;

The blackburd mourn'd the clowsin day,  
And caw'd his partner to his nest;  
When I up Caldew tuik my way,  
And met the lass I aye like best.

I gaz'd upon her matchless feace,  
That fairer than a lily seem'd;  
I mark'd the magic o' her e'e,  
That wi' luive's powerfu' leetnin beam'd;  
I saw her cheek of breetest red,  
That, blushing, telt a lover's pain,  
And seiz'd a kiss, if 'twas a crime,  
Ye Gods! oft may I sin again!

Fast flew the hours—now ruse the muin,  
And telt us it was time to part;  
I set her to her mudder's duir,  
She whisper'd low, 'Thou's stown my heart!'  
I thro' the lattice stule a glance,  
And heard her angry mudder chide:  
Then thought of aw a parent's cares,  
As frae her cottage heame I hied.

I've teasted pleasures dearly bought,  
And read mankind in monie a page:  
But woman, woman, sweetens life,  
Frae giddy youth to feeble age.  
Ye fuils, aye court coy Fortune's smile;  
Ye rakes, in quest of pleasure rove:  
Ye drunkards, drown each sense in wine;  
Be mine the dear delights of love!

July 8, 1803.





## RUTH.

TUNE—" *My auld guidman.*"

THE crackets were chirping on the hearth ;  
Our wife reel'd gairn, and sat i' th' nuik ;  
I tuik a whiff o' my cutty black peype ;  
Lal Dick by fire-leet plied his buik ;  
The youngermer bairns, at heeds and cross,  
Sat laikin merrily in a row ;  
The wind clash'd tui the entry duir,  
And down the chimney fell the snow.

' O !' says our weyfe, then fetch'd a seegh,  
' Guidman, we sud reet thankfu' be !  
' How monie a scwore this angry neet,<sup>32</sup>  
' Wad like to sit wi' tee and me ;  
' Sae wad our dowter Ruth, I trow,  
' A silly peer luckless bairn she's been ;  
' For her, nae day gangs owre my head,  
' But painfu' tears gush frae my een.

' She aye was honest and weel to see,  
' I say't—she hed nae faut but yen—  
' She off wid a taistrel sowdger lad,  
' And niver yence sent the scribe of a pen :  
' O man ! we sud forget and forgive ;  
' The brute beast for its awn 'll feel ;  
' Were mine awt' warl, ay ten times mair,  
' I'd gi'e 't to see her alive and weel.

' Whea kens, peer thing ! what she's endur'd,  
' Sin' that sad hour she left her heame ;  
' Thou turn'd her out ; it hurt me sair,  
' And aw our neibors cried out shem.'

Here stopped our weyfe, and shuik her head,  
While tears ran tricklin down her cheek ;

I fan the truth o' what she said,  
But de'il a word cud owther speak.

Just then the latch was lifted up ;  
' Ay, that's a boggle !' cried out lal Ann ;  
In bounc'd my bairn, and, at my feet,  
Cried, ' O, forgi'e me !—here's my guidman !'  
Our dame she shriek'd, and dropp'd her wark ;  
I bless'd them beath—the bairns were fain ;  
We talk'd the stormy neet away,  
And, God be prais'd, we've met again !

*July 24, 1803.*

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### THE PECK O' PUNCH.

'Twas Rob and Jock, and Hal and Jack,<sup>3 3</sup>  
And Tom and Ned forby,  
Wi' Archy drank a Peck o' Punch,  
Ae neet when they were dry ;  
And aye they jwok'd, and laugh'd, and smuik'd,  
And sang wi' heartfelt glee,  
" To-night were yen, to-morrow geane,  
" Syne let us merry be !"

Saint Mary's muckle clock bumm'd eight,  
When each popp'd in his head ;  
But ere they rose, they'd fairly drank  
The sheame-feac'd muin to bed ;  
And aye they jwok'd, &c.

To monie a bonnie Carel lass,  
The fairest o' the town,  
And monie a manly British chiel,  
The noggin glass went roun ;  
And aye they jwok'd, &c.

A neybor's fau'ts they ne'er turn'd owre,  
 Nor yence conceal'd their ain—  
 Had Care keek'd in, wi' wae-worn feace,  
 They'd kick'd him out again ;  
 For aye they jwok'd, &c.

The daily toil, the hunter's spoil,  
 The faithless foreign pow'rs,  
 The Consul's fate, his o'ergrown state,  
 By turns beguil'd the hours ;  
 And aye they laugh'd, &c.

Let others cringe, and bow the head,  
 A purse-proud sumph to please ;  
 Fate, grant to me aye liberty  
 To mix with souls like these ;  
 Then oft we'll jwoke, and laugh, and smuik,  
 And sing wi' heartfelt glee,  
 "To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,  
 "Syne let us merry be!"

*November 3, 1803.*

## THE THUIRSBY WITCH.

TUNE—"O'er Bogie."

THERE's Harraby and Tarraby,  
 And Wigganby beseyde ;  
 There's Oughterby and Souterby,\*  
 And bys beath far and weyde ;—  
 Of strappin, sonsy, rwozy queens,  
 They aw may brag a few ;  
 But Thuirsky for a bonny lass  
 Can cap them aw I trow.

Her mudder sells a swope o' drink,  
 It is beath stout and brown,

\* Names of Cumberland Villages.

And Etty is the hinny fowt  
Of aw the country roun ;  
Frae east and west, beath rich and peer,  
A-horse, a-fit, caw in—  
For whee can pass sae rare a lass,  
He's owther daft or blin.

Her een are leyke twee Cursmass sleas,  
But twayce as breet and clear ;  
Nae rrose cud iver match her feace,  
That yet grew on a breer ;  
At toun, kurk, market, dance or fair,<sup>34</sup>  
She meks their hearts aw stoun,  
And conquers mair than Bonyprat,  
Whene'er she keeks aroun.

Oft graith'd in aw their kurk-gawn gear,  
Leyke nwoble lwords at cwort,  
Our lads slink in, and gaze and grin,  
Nor heed their Sunday spwort ;  
If stranger leets, her een he meets,  
And fins he can't tell how ;  
To touch the glass her hand has touch'd,  
It sets him in a lowe.

Yence Thuirsbys lads were—whea but we,  
And cud ha'e bang'd the lave,  
But now they hing their lugs, and luik  
Leyke fwok stown frae the grave ;  
And what they ail in head or heart  
Nae potticary knows—  
The little glancin Thuirsbys Witch,  
She is the varra cause.

Of Black-eyed Susan, Mary Scott,  
The lass o' Patie's Mill,

Of Barbara Allan, Sally Gray,  
The Lass o' Richmond-hill,  
Of Nancy Dawson, Molly Mog,  
Though thousands sing wi' glee,  
This village beauty, out and out,  
She bangs them aw to see.

November 10, 1803.

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### THE VILLAGE GANG.

TUNE—"Jenny dang the weaver."

THERE'S sec a gang in our town,  
The deevil cannot wrang them,  
And cud yen get tem put i' prent,  
Aw England cuddent bang them;  
Our dogs e'en bite aw decent fwok,  
Our varra naigs they kick them,  
And if they nobbet ax their way,  
Our lads set on and lick them.

Furst wi' Dick Wiggem we'll begin,  
The teyney, greasy wobster;  
He's got a gob frae lug to lug,  
And neb like onie lobster:  
Dick' Weyfe, they say, was Branton bred,  
Her mudder was a howdy,  
And when peer Dick's thrang on the luim,  
She's off to Jwohnie Gowdy.

But as for Jwohnie, silly man,<sup>33</sup>  
He threeps about the nation,  
And talks o' stocks and Charley Fox,  
And meakes a blusteration;

He reads the paper yence a week,  
The auld fwok geape and wonder—  
Were Jwohnie king, we'd aw be rich,  
And France mud e'en knock under.

Lang Peel the laird's a dispert chap,  
His weyfe's a famous fratcher,  
She brays the lasses, starves the lads,  
Nae bandylan can match her :  
We aw ken how they gat their gear,  
But that's a fearfu' stwory,  
And sud he hing on Carel Sands,  
Nit yen wad e'er be sworry.

Beane-breaker Jwohn we weel may neame,  
He's tir'd o' wark, confound him !  
By manglin limbs, and streenin joints,  
He's meade aw cripples round him :  
Mair hurt he's duin than onie yen  
That iver sceap'd a helter ;  
When sec-like guffs leame decent fwok,  
It's time some laws sud alter.

The schuilmaister's a conjurer,<sup>36</sup>  
For when our lads are drinkin,  
Aw maks o' tricks he'll dui wi' cairds,  
And tell fwok what they're thinkin ;  
He'll glowre at maps, and spell hard words,  
For hours and hours together,  
And in the muin he kens what's duin—  
Nay he can coin the weather !

Then there's the blacksmith wi' ae e'e,  
And his hawf-witted mudder,  
'Twad mek a deed man laugh to see  
Them glyme at yen anudder ;

A three-quart piggen full o' keale,  
He'll sup, the greedy sinner,  
Then eat a cow'd-lword like his head,  
Ay, onie day at dinner.

Jack Mar, the hirplin piper's son,  
Can bang them aw at leein ;  
He'll brek a lock, or steal a cock,  
Wi' onie yen in bein :  
He eats guid meat, and drinks strang drink,  
And gangs weel-graith'd o' Sunday,  
And weel he may, a bonnie fray  
Com out last Whissen-Monday.

The doctor he's a parfet pleague,  
And hawf the parish puzzens ;  
The lawyer sets fwok by the lugs,  
And cheats them neist by duzzens ;  
The parson swears a bonnie stick  
Amang our sackless asses ;  
The 'Squire's ruin'd scwores and scwores  
O' canny country lasses.

There's twenty mair, coarse as neck beef,  
If yen hed time to neame them ;  
Left-handed Sim, slape-finger'd Sam,  
Nae law cou'd iver teame them ;  
There's blue-nebb'd Watt and ewe-chinn'd Dick,  
Weel wordy o' the gallows—  
O happy is the country seyde  
That's free frae sec-like fellows!

*November 27, 1803.*



## DICKY GLENDININ,

TUNE—" *As Patie cam up frae the glen.*"

MY fadder was down at the mill,  
 My mudder was out wid her spinnin,  
 When, whea sud slip whietly in,  
 But canny lal Dicky Glendinin;  
 He poud off his muckle top cwoat,  
 And drew in a stuil by the hallen,  
 Then fworc'd me to sit on his knee,  
 And suin a sad teale began tellin.

"O Jenny! O Jenny!" says he,  
 "My leykin for tee I can't smudder;  
 It meade me as sick as a peat,  
 To think tou'd teane up wid anudder:  
 What! there's been a bonny te-dui  
 About a lang hulk of a miller!  
 He's weyde-gobb'd and ill-natur'd tui,  
 But ae word says aw—he hes siller.

"The lasses aye flyre and mak gam,  
 And ax me, what's got Jenny Forster?  
 The lads, when we meet i' the lwones,  
 Cry out, 'Sairy Dick! what, tou's lost her!'  
 When Rowley, the miller, last neet  
 I met, as we com in frae shearin,  
 Had the sickle but been our lang gun,  
 I'd shot him, ay, dead as a herrin.

"O! hes te forgotten the teyme,  
 Tou said tou leyk'd me best of onie?  
 And hes te forgotten the teyme,  
 Tou said luive was better than money?  
 And hes te forgotten the teyme,  
 I mark'd our twea neames on a shillin?



Tou promised to wear't neist thy heart,  
And then to wed me tou was willin.

"The furst teyme you're cried i' the kurk,  
I'll step my ways up and forbid it ;  
When could i' my coffin, they'll say,  
'Twas e'en Jenny Forster that did it !  
My ghost, the lang neet, aw in wheyte,  
Will shek thee, and gar thee aw shiver—  
O the tears how they hop owre my cheeks,  
To think I sud lwose thee for ever !"

"O Dicky ! O Dicky !" says I,  
"I nowther heed house, land, or siller ;  
Tou's twenty teymes dearer to me,  
Than onie lang hulk of a miller !"  
A match we struck up in a crack,  
And Dicky's got sticks and got beddin ;  
My fadder and mudder are fain—  
Then hey for a guid merry weddin !  
*December 10, 1803.*

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## THE INVASION.

TUNE—"Lingo's Wedding."

How fens te, Dick ? There's fearfu' news—  
Udsbreed ! the French are comin !  
There's nought at Carel but parades,  
And see a drum, drum, drummin :  
The volunteers and brigadiers  
Are aw just mad to meet them ;  
And England e'en mun hing her head,  
If Britons dunnet beat them.

Then there's the Rangers aw in green,  
Commanded by brave Howard—  
Of aw his noble kin, nit yen  
Was iver caw'd a coward ;—  
They'll pop the Frenchmen off leyke steyfe,  
If e'er they meet, I'll bail them :  
Wi' sec true Britons at their heads,  
True courage cannot fail them.

Thur French are dispert wicked chiels,  
If it be true they tell us,  
For where they've been, fwok curse the day  
They e'er saw sec sad fellows ;  
They plant the tree o' liberty,  
And hirelings dance around it ;  
But millions water't wi' their tears,  
And bid the de'il confound it.

Our parson says,<sup>37</sup> “ We bang'd them still,  
And bang them still we mun, man ;  
For he desarves a coward's deeth,  
That frae them e'er wad run, man :  
What feckless courts and worn-out states,  
They've conquered just by knavery ;  
But every volunteer will pruve,  
A Briton kens nae slavery.”

I've thowt and thowt, sin I kent ought,  
Content's the greatest blissin,—  
And he that seizes my bit lan  
Desarves a guid soun drissin.  
Auld England, though we count thy fau'ts,  
For iver we'll defend thee !  
To foreign tyrants sud we bow,—  
They'll mar, but niver mend thee !

*December 20, 1803.*

## GRIZZY.

TUNE—" *My auld guidman.*"

THE witch weyfe begg'd in our backseyde,<sup>38</sup>  
But went unsarra'd away i' th' pet;  
Our Ester kurn'd at e'er she kurn'd,  
But butter the deuce a crum cou'd get.  
The pez-stack fell, and crush'd my fadder;  
My mudder cowp'd owre, and leam'd hersel;  
Neist, war and war, what dud we see,  
But Jenny' pet lam drown'd i' the well.

Auld Grizzy the witch, as some fwok say,<sup>39</sup>  
Meks paddock-rud ointment for sair een,  
And cures the tuith-wark wi' a charm,  
Of hard words neane ken what they mean.  
She milks the kye, the urchin's bleam'd;  
She bleets the cworn wi' her bad e'e;  
When cross'd by lasses, they pruiue wi' bairn,  
And if she grummel, they're seafe o' twee.

I yence sweethearted Madge o' th' Mill,  
And whea sae thick as she and I;  
Auld Whang he promis'd tweescore pun,  
A weel-theek'd house, and bit of a stye;  
Ae neet we met at our croft head,  
But Grizzy was daund'ring aw her leane,  
And scarce a week o' days were owre,  
Till Madge to kurk Wull Weer had teane.

When deef Dick Maudlin lost his weyfe,  
And said 'twas weel it was nae war;  
When Jerry' black filly pick'd the fwoal,  
And hawf-blin Calep fell owre the scar;  
When mantin Marget brunt her rock;  
When smuggler Mat was lost i' the snaw;

When wheezlin Wully was set i' the stocks ;  
 Auld Grizzy aye gat the weyte of aw,  
 Her feace is like the stump of a yek ;  
 She stoops and stowters, sheks and walks ;  
 Bleer-e'ed and tuithless, wi' a beard ;  
 She coughs and granes, and mumps and talks ;  
 She lives in a shill-house, burns dried sticks,  
 And there hes dealins wi' the de'il.  
 O war she whietly in her grave,  
 For where she bides few can dui weel.

February 3, 1804.

### GWORDIE GILL.

TUNE—" *Andrew wi' his cutty gun.*"

OF aw the lads I see or ken,  
 There's yen I like abuin the rest ;  
 He's neycer in his war-day duds, —  
 Than others donn'd in aw their best.  
 A body's heart's a body's awn,  
 And they may gi'e't to whea they will ;  
 Had I got ten where I ha'e neane,  
 I'd gi'e them aw to Gwordie Gill.  
 Whea was't that brak our lanlword' garth,<sup>40</sup>  
 For me, when bairns we went to schuil ?  
 Whea was't durst venture mid-thie deep,  
 To get my clog out o' the puil ?  
 And when the filly flang me off,  
 And lang and lang I laid sae ill,  
 Whea was't gowl'd owre me day and neet,  
 And wish'd me weel ? 'Twas Gwordie Gill.  
 Oft mounted on his lang-tail'd naig,  
 Wi' feyne new buits up till his knee,

The laird's daft son leets i' the faul,  
And keaves as he wad wurry me;  
Tho' fadder, mudder, uncle tui,  
To wed this maz'lin teaze me still,  
I hear of aw his lan and brass,  
But oft steal out to Gwordie Gill.

Frae Carel cousin Fanny com,  
And brong her whey-feac'd sweetheart down,  
Wi' sark-neck stuck abuin his lugs,  
A peer clipt dinment frae the town:  
He minc'd and talk'd, and skipp'd and walk'd,  
But tir'd a-gangin up the hill,  
And luik'd as pale as onie corp,  
Compar'd to rwsie Gwordie Gill.

My Gwordie's whussle weel I ken,<sup>4 1</sup>  
Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet;  
And when he liltis and sings skewball,  
Nit playhouse music's hawf sae sweet.  
A body's heart's a body's awn,  
And they may gi'e't to whea they will;  
I yence had yen, now I ha'e neane,  
For it belongs to Gwordie Gill.

February 10, 1804.

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## A WEYFE FOR WULLY MILLER.

TUNE—"Maggy Lawder."

Hout, Wully, lad! cock up thy head,  
Nor fash thysel about her;  
Nought comes o' nought, sae tek nae thought,  
Tou's better far widout her.

Peer man ! her fadder weel we ken,  
He's but an ass-buird meaker ;  
But she's town-bred, and, silly gowk !  
Thou'd gi'e thy teeth to teake her.

I've seen thee flyre and jwoke like mad,  
At aw our country fellows ;  
But now thou seeghs and luiks like death,  
Or yen gawn to the gallows ;  
Thou's sous'd owre head and ears i' luive—  
Nay, nobbet luik at Cwoley !  
He wags his tail, as if to say,  
' Wey, what's the matter, Wully ?'

There's lads but few in our town,  
And lasses wanters plenty,  
And he that fain wad wed a weyfe  
May weale yen out o' twenty :—  
There's Tamer Toppin, Aggy Sharp,  
And clogger Wilkin' Tibby ;  
There's Greacy Gurvin, Matty Meer,  
And Thingumbob' lal Debby :

Then there's Wully Guffy' dowter Nan  
At thee aye keeks and glances,  
For tou's the apple o' their een  
At cairdin neets and dances ;  
My titty, tui, ae neet asleep,  
Cried, ' Canny Wully Miller !'  
I poud her hair, she blush'd rwose reed,  
Sae gang thy ways e'en till her.

Tell mudder aw the news tou kens ;  
To fadder talk o' th' weather ;  
Then lilt tem up a sang or twea,  
To please tem aw together ;

She'll set thee out, then speak thy mind—  
She'll suit thee till a shevin;  
But town-bred deames, to sec as we,  
Are seldom worth the hevin.

*February 28, 1804.*

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## THE TWEE AULD MEN.

MATTHEW.

WHAT, Gabriel! come swat thy ways down on the  
sattle,

I lang for a bit of a crack;

Thy granson I sent owre the geate for some 'bacco—

The varment 'll niver come back!—

Nay, keep on thy hat: we heed nought about  
manners:

What news about your en' o' the town?

They say the king's badly; thur times gang but  
oddly;

The warl just seems turn'd upseyde down;

Ay, what alterations, and out-o'-way fashions,

Sin lal todlin callans were we!

GABRIEL.

O, Matthew! they've cutten the yeks and the eshes,

That grew owre anent the kurk waw!

How oft dud we lake just like wild things amang  
them;

But suin we, like them, mun lig low!

The schuil-house is fawn, where we beath larn'd  
our letters,

For tee, tou cud figure and write;

I mind <sup>42</sup> what a monstrous hard task and a lickin

Tou gat when tou fit wi' Tom Wheyte;

Wherever yen ranges, the chops and the changes  
Oft mek a tear gush frae my e'e.

MATTHEW.

Then, Gabey, thou minds when we brak Dinah'  
worchet—

Stown apples bairns aw think are sweet—  
Deuce tek this bad 'bacco! de'il bin, it 'll draw nin,  
Yen mud as weel smuik a wet peat!—  
What, yonder's Rob Donaldson got a lang letter,  
And some say it talks of a peace;  
But that 'll nit happen i' thy time or my time,  
Widout we can get a new lease.  
Here, lass! bring some yell in, drinkin's nae failin,  
Let's moisten our clay ere we dee.

GABRIEL.

Ay, Matt! what they buried auld Glaister last  
Monday—

Peer Jwosep! we went to ae schuil!—  
He married deef Marget, the Gammelsby beauty,  
A silly proud cat-witted fuil:  
Ae son pruv'd a taistrel, and brak up at Lunnon,  
But Jwosep he gat aw to pay;  
Anudder, they said, turn'd out nit quite owre honest,  
Sae gat off to Botany Bay.—  
O, man! this frost pinches, and kills fwok by  
inches,  
It's e'en meade a cripple o' me!

MATTHEW.

Ay, Gabey! it's langsin' thou married Ann Lawson  
Tou minds when we off like the win'



Frae kurk to the yell-house?—What, I was weel  
mounted,

And left them aw twea mile behin.

Then there was Young Gabey, our weyfe was his  
goddy,

A brave murry cursnin we had ;

We kent nought o' tea, or sec puzzen i' thar days,

But drank tweyce-brew'd yell till hawf mad :

There was Kitt and Ned Neilson, and Dan and  
Wat Wilson,

They've aw geane and left thee and me.

GABRIEL.

There's ae thing, guid Matthew, I've lang thought  
of axin,

And that tou mun grant if tou can ;

When I's stiff and cauld, see me decently coffin'd,

And laid down aseyde my weyfe Ann.

My peer granson Jwosep, he thrives and he grows  
up,

O luik till him when I's low laid !

Mind he gaes to the kurk, and sticks weel till his  
larnin,

And get him a bit of a trade ;

The neybor will bless thee, it wunnet distress thee,

And happy auld Gabriel can dee.

MATTHEW.

Keep up thy heart, Gabey ! nae guid comes o'  
grievin ;

Aye laugh at the warl, if thou'd thrive ;

I've buried three weyves, and mun e'en hev anudder,

I's quite young and rash—*eighty-five* ;

Then sec a hard drinker, a wustler, a feghter,

A cocker I've been i' my time ;

And as for a darrak, in barn or in meadow,  
Whea match'd me, when just i' my prime?  
I ne'er thought o' whinin, or gowlin or pinin—  
We're wise when we chearfu' can be.

## GABRIEL.

Nay but, neighbour Matthew, when ninety lang  
winters

Ha'e bent you, and powder'd the pow,  
We grane i' th' nuik, wi' few friens or acquaintance,  
And just fin' we cannot tell how:  
For me, I's sair fash'd wi' a cough and the gravel,  
And ae single tuith i' my head;  
Then, sin' my peer bairn they tuik off for a sowdger,  
I've wish'd I were nobbet weel dead;—  
The house uncle ga'e me, the squire's e'en ta'en  
frae me;  
There's nought but the warkhouse for me!

## MATTHEW.

My fadder, God rust him! wi' pinchin and pleenin,  
Screap'd up aw the gear he cud get;  
I've been a sad deevil, and spent gowd i' gowpens,  
But still ha'e a hantel left yet:  
Come gi'es thy hand, Gabey! <sup>43</sup> tou's welcome as  
may be,  
My purse and my ambrie to share;  
We'll talk of auld times,—eat, drink, and be merry:  
Thy granson sall get what we spare:—  
Then leet thy pipe, Gabey! tou's welcome as may  
be,  
They's ne'er mek a beggar o' thee!

March 14, 1804.

## UNCLE WULLY.

TUNE—"Woo'd and married an' a'."

'It's a comical warl this we live in,'  
Says Calep, and Calep says reet;  
For Matty, that's got aw the money,  
Has e'en geane and wedded deyl'd Peat.  
He's nobbet a heather-feac'd maz'lin,  
And disn't ken whisky frae yell;  
But her, weel brong up and a scholar,  
Has just meade a fuil o' hersel!  
De'il bin but she'd little to de,  
To tek sec a hawflin as he,  
That nowther kens A, B, nor C!—  
Nay, what sec a pair can ne'er 'gree!

He ne'er hes a teale widout laitin,  
And hardleys can grease his awn clogs;  
He marry a decent man's dowter!  
He's fitter to lig amang hogs!  
At the clock for an hour he'll keep glymin,  
But de'il e'er the time he can tell;  
And my niece, for that ae word husband,  
Has e'en geane and ruin'd hersel.

De'il bin, &amp;c.

Her fadder, God keep him! my billy,  
Aye thought her the flow'r o' them aw;  
And said on his deeth-bed, 'O, Wully!  
'Luik till her, man! when I lig low!'  
I meade her beath reader and writer—  
Nin bang'd her, the maister can tell;—  
But, speyte o' beath larnin and manners,  
She's e'en meade a guff of hersel.

De'il bin, &amp;c.

When lasses get past aw advisin,  
 Our's then turns a piteous case;  
 A cwoat or sark yen may shep them,  
 But aw cannot gi'e them God's grace.  
 For me, I'll e'en deet my hands on her,  
 And this aw our neybor I'll tell;  
 She's meade a bad bed, let her lig on't,  
 And think how she's ruin'd hersel.  
 De'il bin but she'd little to de,  
 To tek sec a mazlin as he,  
 That nowther kens A, B, nor C!—  
 Nay, what sec a pair can ne'er 'gree!

*April 10, 1804*

### GUID STRANG YELL.

OUR Ellek likes fat bacon weel,<sup>44</sup>  
 And haver-bannock pleases Dick;  
 A cowl-word meks lal Wully fain,  
 And cabbish aye turns Phillip sick;  
 Our deame's for gurdle-keake and tea,  
 And Betty's aw for thick pez-keale;  
 Let ilk yen fancy what they wull,  
 Still my delight is guid strang yell.  
 I ne'er had muckle, ne'er kent want,  
 Ne'er wrang'd a neybor, frien, or kin;  
 My wife and bairns 'buin aw I prize—  
 There's music i' their varra din:  
 I labour suin, I labour leate,  
 And chearfu' eat my humble meal;  
 My weage can feed and clead us aw,  
 And whiles affords me guid strang yell.  
 What's aw the warl widout content?  
 Wi' that and health man can't be peer;

We suin slip off frae friens and foes,  
 Then whea but fuils wad feight for gear :  
 'Bout kings and consuls gowks may fratch ;  
 For me I seworn to vex mysel,  
 But laugh at courts and owre-grown knaves,  
 When I've a hush o' guid strang yell.

*April 22, 1804.*

### BURGH RACES.

O WULLY! had tou nobbet been at Burgh Races!<sup>45</sup>  
 It seem'd, lad, as if aw the warl were met ;  
 Some went to be seen, others off for divarsion,  
 And monie went there a lock money to bet ;  
 The cup was aw siller, and letter'd reet neycely,  
 A feyne naig they've put on't, forby my lword's  
 neame ;  
 It hods nar a quart, for monie drank out on't,  
 And open'd their gills till they cu'dn't creep  
 heame.

There was, 'How fens te, Tommy?'—'What,  
 Jwosep! I's gaily:<sup>46</sup>

'Wey, is there ought unket i' your country  
 seyde?

'Here, landlword! a noggin!'—'Whea rides the  
 Collector?'

'What Meason' auld meer can bang aw far and  
 weyde!'

There wur snaps, yell, nuts, gingerbread, shwort-  
 keakes, and brandy,  
 And tents full o' ham, beef, and nowble veal  
 pye;

There was Greenup wi' a reet and true list o' the  
horses,

The neames o' the awners and reydere forby.

Ere they saddl'd, the gamlers peep'd sair at the  
horses;

Sec scrudgin, the fwok were just ready to brust;  
Wi' swearin and bettin they meade a sad hay-bay;

'I'll lig six to four!'—'Done! cum down wi' the  
dust!'

'What think ye o' Lawson?'—'The field for a  
guinea!'

'I'll mention the winner! dare onie yen lay?'

Jwohn Blaylock' reed handkitcher wav'd at the  
dissnens;

At startin, he cried, 'Yen, twee, three, put away!'

They went off leyke leetnin—the auld meer's a  
topper—

She flew like an arrow, and shew'd tem her tail;  
They hugg'd, whupp'd, and spurr'd, but cud niver  
yence touch her—

The winners they rear'd, and the lwozers turn'd  
pale;

Peer Lawson gat dissen'd, and sae sud the tudders,  
Furst heat was a chase, and the neist a tek-in;

Then some drank their winnins;—but, wofu' disaster,  
It rain'd, and the lasses gat wet to the skin.

Leyke pez in a pot, neist at Sandsfield they caper'd,  
The lads did the lasses sae kittle and hug;

Young Crosset, i' fettle, had got bran new pumps on,  
And brong fisher Jemmy a clink i' the lug;

The lasses they belder'd out, 'Man thysel, Jemmy!'<sup>47</sup>  
His comrades they poud off his cwoat and his  
sark;

## CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

They fit, lugg'd, and lurry'd, aw owre  
 batter,  
 The landword com in, and cried, 'Shem o'  
 wark !'  
 There wur smugglers, excisemen, horse-cowpers,  
 and parsons,  
 Sat higglety-pigglety, aw fare a-leyke;  
 And mowdy-warp Jacky—ay, man, it was funny!—  
 He meade them aw laugh when he stuck in a  
 creyke.  
 There were lasses frae Wigton, and Worton, and  
 Banton—  
 Some o' them gat sweethearts, while others gat  
 neane;  
 And bairns yet unbworn 'll oft hear o' Burgh  
 Races,  
 For ne'er mun we see sec a meetin agean.  
May 4, 1804.

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## BIDDY.

TUNE—"Since love is the plan."

TWAS frost and thro' leet, wid a greymin o' snaw,  
 When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o' them aw;  
 To meet was agreed on at Seymy' deyke nuik,  
 Where I saunter'd wi' monie a seegh and lang luik,  
 But poud up my spirits and off till her heame,  
 For when fwok mean reet, wey, what need they  
 think sheame!

peep'd through the window to see what was  
 duin;<sup>48</sup>  
 Her fadder sat whusslin, and greasin his shoon;

## IRLAND BALLADS.

He sat darnin, and smuikin the while;  
 His daddie was spinnin, the neet to beguile;  
 She thread it aye brak, she seem'd sad as cud be,  
 And yen sat aside her, a stranger to me.

She turn'd her head frae him, and niver yence spak;  
 He struive for a kiss, then she up in a crack,  
 And suin i' the faul, wi' great pleasure we met,  
 But that happy moment we ne'er can forget:  
 To be mine she promis'd agean and agean,  
 And the priest, if God spares us, will suin mek us  
 yen.

May 15, 1804.

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## DINAH DUFTON.

TUNE—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'."

PEER Dinah Dufton's e'en wi' bairn,<sup>49</sup>  
 Oh, but I's unco sworry for't!  
 A bonnier or a teydier lass,  
 No niver yet fell i' the durt:  
 Auld Tim, her fadder, turn'd her out  
 At mid neet, tho' 'twas frost and snaw;  
 She owre the geate,—what cud she de?—  
 And sobb'd and gowl'd, and telt us aw.

My fadder shuik his head at furst,  
 But spak and acted leyke a man;  
 'Dinah!' says he, 'tou sannot want,  
 Sae keep thy heart up, if tou can;  
 I've lads and lasses o' my awn,  
 And nin can tell what they may de:  
 To turn thee out! peer luckless bairn!  
 Thy fadder e'en mun hardened be!



God niver meade a heartier lass,  
For she wad sing for iver mair;  
Yet, when peer fwok were in distress,  
To hear on't, Oh! it hurt her sair!  
This luive, they say, hides monie fau'ts;  
Peer thing! the warl she little knew!  
But if she'd been by me advis'd,  
She wadden't hed sec cause to rue.

At Rosley Fair she chanc'd to leet  
O' mangrel Wull, that wicked tuil;  
He'd larn'd to hannel weel his feet,  
And kept a bit o' dancin schuil:  
A fortune-teller neist he brib'd,  
To say the match was meade abuin;  
But when he'd brong his ends about,  
He nobbet laugh'd and left her suin.

Now Dinah's apron's grown quite shwort;  
Dull, downcast, outery o' the lave!  
Aw day she whinges in our loft,  
And wishes she were in her grave:  
But mangrel Wull, that wicked tuil,  
My fadder says sall lig in jail;  
And he that ruins onie lass,  
De'il tek the man that wad him bail.

July 16, 1804.

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### NED CARNAUGHAN.

TUNE—"The Miller of Dee."

My mudder was teakin her nuin's rest,  
My fadder was out at the hay,  
When Ned Carnaughan com bouncin in,  
And luik'd as he'd gotten a flay:

‘O, Sib!’ says he, ‘I’s duin wi’ te;—  
 ‘Nay, what, tou blushes and stares!—  
 ‘I seed thee last neet wi’ bow-hough’d Peat,  
 ‘And de’il tek them that cares!’

Says I to Ned, to Ned says I,  
 ‘What’s aw this fuss about?  
 ‘I’s seer he’s a reet lish country lad,  
 ‘And tou’s just a parfet lout:  
 ‘But whea were liggeren i’ Barney’s croft,  
 ‘And lakin like twea hares?  
 ‘And whea kiss’d Suke frae lug to lug?  
 ‘Wey, de’il tek them that cares!’

Says Ned, says he, ‘the thimmel gi’e me <sup>so</sup>  
 ‘I brong thee frae Branton fair,  
 ‘And gi’e back the broach and true-love knot,  
 ‘And lock o’ my awn reed hair;  
 ‘And pay me the tuppence I wan frae thee  
 ‘Ae neet at pops and pairs;  
 ‘Then e’en tek on wi’ whea thou leykes—  
 The de’il tek them that cares!’

The broach and thimmel I flang at his feace,  
 The true-love knot i’ the fire;  
 Says I, ‘tou’s nobbet a hawflin bworn—  
 ‘Fash me nae mair, I desire;—  
 ‘Here, tek thy tuppence, a reape to buy,  
 ‘And gi’e thysel nae mair airs;  
 ‘But hing as hee as Gilderoy—  
 ‘The de’il tek them that cares!’

July 27, 1804.



## THE COCKER O' CODBECK.

TUNE—"Patrick's day i' th' morning."

There was ill gusty Jemmy, the cocker o' Codbeck,<sup>31</sup>  
 He follow'd blin Leethet' lass years twee or three;  
 She laid in o' twins, and was e'en broken-hearted,  
 For Jemmy had left her—and, neist, what did he,  
 But ran owre to Hesket, and wedded anudder;  
 Suin peer Greacy Leethet was laid in her grave;  
 The last words she spak were, 'O God, forgie  
 Jemmy!

I may rue the day when he stuil my heart frae me!  
 'Tho' I's gawn to leave you, my innocents save!  
 Her twea bairns she kiss'd,  
 And then sunk into rest.  
 O but sec-like fellows sud suffer!

ne'er can forget when the corpse cross'd the lonnin,  
 Amang auld and young there was nit a dry e'e;  
 Aw whop'd she was happy—but, O man! her fadder,  
 When they cover'd the coffin, we thought he wad  
 dee!  
 He cried, 'I've nae comfort sin' I've lost my  
 Greacy!

O that down aseyde her my head I could lay!  
 For Jemmy, de'il bin him! he's kent nought but  
 crosses,  
 He's shunn'd by the lads, and he's hiss'd by the  
 lasses,  
 And Greacy's ghost haunts him by neet and by  
 day;  
 Nae neybor luiks near him,  
 The bairns they aw fear him;  
 And may sec-like fellows still suffer!

July 28, 1804.

## CANNY CUMMERLAN.

TUNE—" *The humours of Glen.*"

'Twas ae neet last week, wid our wark efter supper  
 We went owre the geate cousin Isbel to see ;  
 There were Sibby frae Curthet, and lal Betty Byers  
 Deef Debby, forby Bella Bunton and me ;  
 We'd scarce begun spinnin, when Sib a sang lilted  
 She'd brong her frae Carel by their sarvant man  
 'Twas aw about Cummerlan fwok and feyne pleaces  
 And, if I can think on't, ye's hear how it ran.

Yer buik-larn'd wise gentry, that's seen monie  
 counties,

May preach and palaver, and brag as they will  
 O' mountains, lakes, valleys, woods, watters, and  
 meadows,

But canny auld Cummerlan caps them aw still :  
 It's true we've nae palaces sheynin amang us,

Nor marble tall towers to catch the weak eye ;  
 But we've monie feyne castles, where fit our brave  
 fadders,

When Cummerlan cud onie county defy.

Furst Graystock we'll nwotish, the seat o' girth  
 Norfolk,

A neame still to freemen and Englishmen dear  
 Ye Cummerlan fwok, may your sons and young  
 gransons

Sec rare honest statesmen for iver revere ;  
 Corruption's a sink that 'll puzzen the country,  
 And lead us to slav'ry, to me it seems plain ;  
 But he that has courage to stem the black torrent  
 True Britons sud pray for, agean and agean.

Whea that hes climb'd Skiddaw, hes seen sec a  
prospec,

Where fells frown owre fells, and in majesty vie?

Whea that has seen Keswick, can count hawf its  
beauties,

May e'en try to count hawf the stars i' the sky :

There's Ullswater, Bassenthwaite, Westwater,  
Derwent,

That thousands on thousands ha'e travell'd to  
view,

The langer they gaze, still the mair they may wonder,

And aye, as they wonder, may fin' summets new.

We've Corby,<sup>35</sup> for rocks, caves, and walks, sae  
delightfu',

That Eden a paradise loudly proclaims ;

O that sec-like pleaces hed aye sec-like awners,

Then mud monie girt fwok be proud o' their  
neames !

We've Netherby tui, the grand pride o' the border,

And haws out o' number nae county can bang ;

Wi' rivers romantic as Tay, Tweed, or Yarrow,

And green woodbine bowers weel wordy a sang.

We help yen anudder ; we welcome the stranger ;

Oursels and our country we'll iver defend ;

We pay bits o' taxes as weel as we're yable,

And pray like true Britons, the war hed an end ;

Then, Cumberlan lads, and ye lish rwoosy lasses,

If some caw ye clownish, ye needn't think  
sheame ;

Be merry and wise, enjoy innocent pleasures,

And aye seek for health and contentment at  
heame.

*August 12, 1804.*

G

## JEFF AND JOB.

TUNE—" *Fye, gae rub her owre wi' strae !*"

JEFF.

COME, Job, let's talk o' weel-kent pleaces,  
 When young tearin chaps were we :  
 Now nin nar us but fremm'd feaces—  
 Few to seyde wi' thee and me !—  
 Years are geane by twee and twonty,  
 Sin' I kent thy curly pow—  
 Aye the furst at wark and spwartin,  
 Were Jeff Heyne and Jwosep Howe.

JOB.

Ay, Jeff! we've lang kent yen anudder ;  
 Monie a time when chaps were crouse,  
 And meade a brulliment and bodder,  
 Jeff and Job ha'e clear'd the house ;  
 Nin leyke thee cud fling the geavelick ;<sup>54</sup>  
 Nin leyke me lak'd at fit-baw ;  
 Wi' pennystears tou was a darter—  
 I at trippet bang'd tem aw.

JEFF.

Then, Job, I mind at your kurn-supper,<sup>55</sup>  
 When I furst saw Elcy Greame,  
 I cuddent eat—my heart it flutter'd—  
 Lang Tom Leytle watch'd us heame :  
 We were young, and beath i' fettle—  
 He wad feight—we e'en set tui ;  
 In the clarty seugh I sent him—  
 Elcy skirl'd—what cud she dui?

JOB.

And, Jeff, when met at Cursmas cairdins,<sup>56</sup>  
 Few durst lake wi' thee and me ;

When we'd hack'd the lads aw roun us,  
Off to the lasses' bed went we;  
The ass-buird sarrat as a teable,  
Legs anunder t' claes were laid;  
Forby laughin, kissin, jwokin,  
Monie a harmless prank we play'd.

JEFF.

Now, Job, we pay for youthfu' follies—  
Aw our happy days are geane;  
Tou's turn'd grousome, bare, and dozen'd,  
I's just worn to skin and beane.  
But maister's comin in a flurry—  
Sarvants aye sud meynd their wark;  
I mun off to deetin havver—  
Fares-te-weel till efter dark!

*October 12, 1804.*

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### TIB AND HER MAISTER.

I's tir'd wi' liggin aye my leane;  
This day seems fair and clear;  
Seek th' auld grey yad, clap on the pad,  
She's duin nae wark te year:  
Furst, Tib, get me my best lin sark,  
My wig, and new-greas'd shoon;  
My three-nuik'd hat, and mittens white—  
I'll hev a young weyfe suin! <sup>57</sup>  
A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
A young weyfe for me;  
She'll scart my back whene'er it yuks,  
Sae married I mun be!

' Wey, maister! you're hawf blin' and deaf—  
' The rain comes pouring down;—

‘ Your best lin sark wants beath the laps,  
 ‘ Your three-nuik’d hat the crown;  
 ‘ The rattens eat your clouted shoon;  
 ‘ The yad’s unshod and leame;  
 ‘ You’re bent wi’ yeage leyke onie bow,  
 ‘ Sae sit content at heame.  
 ‘ A young weyfe for ye, man!  
 ‘ A young weyfe for ye!  
 ‘ They’ll rank ye wi’ the horned nowt  
 ‘ Until the day ye dee!’

O, Tib, thou aye talks leyke a fuil!  
 I’s fail’d, but nit sae auld;  
 A young weyfe keeps yen warm i’ bed,  
 When neets are lang and cauld:  
 I’ve brass far mair than I can count,  
 And sheep, and naigs, and kye;  
 A house luiks howe widout a weyfe—  
 My luck I’ll e’en gae try.  
 A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
 A young weyfe for me;  
 I yet can lift twee pecks o’ wots,  
 Tho’ turn’d o’ eighty-three.

‘ Weel, maister, ye maun ha’e your way,  
 ‘ And sin’ ye’ll wedded be,  
 ‘ I’s lish and young, and stout and strang,  
 ‘ Sae what think ye o’ me?  
 ‘ I’ll keep ye teydey, warm, and clean,  
 ‘ To wrang ye I wad scworn.’  
 Tib! gi’es thy hand!—a bargain be’t—  
 We’ll off to kurk to-mworn!  
 A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
 Tou was meade for me;  
 We’ll kiss and coddle aw the neet,  
 And aye we’ll happy be!

*November 11, 1800*



## JWOHNY AND MARY.

TUNE—"Come under my plaidie."

YOUNG Mary was canny and bonny as onie lass,  
Jwohny was lusty and weel to be seen ;  
Young Mary was aye the best dancer at murry  
neets,  
Jwohny had won monie a belt on the green :  
Lang, lang they were sweethearts, and nwtotish'd  
by neybors ;  
Th' auld fwok they talk'd, and oft bragg'd o' the  
twee,  
For Jwohny thought nin i' th' warl like young  
Mary,  
And Mary thought Jwohny aw she wish'd to see.  
A wee swope guid yell is a peer body's comfort,<sup>58</sup>  
But wo be to him that oft drinks till blin' fou !  
Young Jwohny ae day off wi' bigg to the market,  
And drank wi' some neybors, he little thought  
how.  
His auld fadder watch'd till the black hour o'  
midneet ;  
Widout his dear Jwohny, the naig gallop'd  
heame ;  
They sought, and they fan him that mwornin  
i' Eden,  
Amang the green busses that nod owre the stream.  
Auld Gibby he gowls, and aye talks of his Jwohny,  
And sits by his greave and oft meks a sad meane ;  
Peer Mary, the flow'r of aw flow'rs i' the parish,  
Ne'er hods up her head, now her Jwohny is  
geane.  
The dangerous yell-house kills monie brave  
fellows,<sup>59</sup>

To get heame quite swober can ne'er be thoug  
 wrang;

Nae guid comes o' drinkin.—Ye lads aw aroun  
 me,

At fair, or at market, aye think o' my sang!

November 11, 1804

## THE CLAY DAUBIN.

TUNE—"Andrew Carr."

WE went owre to Deavie' Clay Daubin,<sup>60</sup>

And faith a rare caper we had,

Wi' eatin, and drinkin, and dancin,

And rwoarin, and singin leyke mad;

Wi' crackin, and jwokin, and braggin,

And fratchin, and feightin and aw

Sec glorious fun and divarsion

Was ne'er seen in castle or haw.

Sing hey for a snug clay biggin,

And lasses that leyke a bit spwort;

Wi' friens and plenty to gi'e them,

We'll laugh at King Gworge and his cwor

The waws were aw finish'd er darknin;

Now, greypes, shouls, and barrows thrown by,  
 Auld Deavie spak up wid a hursle—

'Od rabbit it! lads, ye'll be dry;

'See, deame, if we've got a swope whusky—<sup>61</sup>

'I's sworry the rum bottle's duin—

'We'll starken our keytes, I'll uphod us—

'Come, Adams, rasp up a lal tune!

When Bill kittl'd up "*Chips and Shavins*,"

Auld Philip poud out Matty Meer,

Then nattl'd his heels like a youngen,  
And caper'd about the clay fleer;  
He deeted his gob, and he buss'd her,  
As lish as a lad o' sixteen;  
Cries Wull, 'Od dy! fadder's i' fettle!  
'His marrow 'll niver be seen!'

Reet sair did we miss Jemmy Coupland—  
Bad crops, silly man, meade him feale;  
Last Sunday fwornuin, efter sarvice,  
I' th' kurk-garth, the clark caw'd his seale.<sup>61</sup>  
Peer Jemmy! of aw his bit oddments  
A shettle the bealies ha'e ta'en,  
And now he's reet fain of a darrak,  
For pan, dish, or spuin, he hes neane.  
Wi' scones, *leather-hungry*,\* and whusky,  
Auld Aggy cried, 'Meake way for me!  
'Ye men fwok, eat, drink, and be murry,  
'Wheyle we i' the bower get tea.'  
The whillymer eat tough and teasty,  
Aw cramm'd fou o' grey pez and seeds;  
They row'd it up teane agean tudder—  
Nae dainties the hungry man needs.

Now in com the women fwok buncing—  
Widout tem there's niver nee fun;  
Wi' whusky aw weeted their wizzens,  
But suin a sad hay-bay begun;  
For Jock, the young laird, was new wedded,  
His auld sweetheart Jenny luik'd wae;  
While some were aw titterin and flyrin,  
The lads rubb'd her down<sup>63</sup> wi pez strae.

\*This is a ludicrous name given to a poor sort of cheese made of skimmed milk, and made use of by some of the peasants of Cumberland as a part of their meals. It is also sometimes called Whillymer, and sometimes Rosley Cheshire.

Rob Lowson tuik part wi' peer Jenny,  
 And brong snift'ring Gwordie a cluff;  
 I' th' scuffle they leam'd Lowson' mudder,  
 And fain they'd ha'e stripp'd into buff:  
 Neist Peter caw'd Gibby a rebel,  
 And aw rwoar'd out, that was wheyte wrang;  
 Cried Deavie, 'Shek hans, and nae mair on't—  
 'I's sing ye a bit of a sang.'

He lilted "The King and the Tinker,"  
 And Wully strack up "Robin Hood;"  
 Dick Mingins tried "Hooly and Fairly,"  
 And Martha "The Babs o' the Wood:"  
 They push'd round a glass leyke a noggin,  
 And bottom'd the greybeard complete;  
 Then crack'd till the muin glowr'd amang them.  
 And wish'd yen anudder guid neet.

December 21, 1804.

## THE FELLOWS ROUND TORKIN.\*

TUNE—"The Yorkshire Concert."

WE'RE aw feyne fellows round Torkin;  
 We're aw guid fellows weel met;  
 We're aw wet fellows round Torkin,  
 Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:  
 Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
 Till day's braid glare bids us start;  
 We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
 Come, Dicky, lad, boddom the quart.

\*A wood-covered hill, near Crofton Hall, in  
 Cumberland.

I'll gi'e ye, says Dick, Durty Dinah,  
That's aye big wi' bairn fwok suppose;  
She sticks out her lip leyke a pentes,  
To kep what may drop frae her nwise:  
Leyke a hay-stack she hoists up ae shou'der,  
And scarts, for she's nit varra soun:  
Wi' legs thick as mill-posts, and greasy,  
The deevil cud nit ding her down!

We're aw odd fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw larn'd fellows weel met;  
We're aw rich fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:  
Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
Till day's braid glare bids us part:  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Matthew, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Matt, midden Marget,  
That squints wi' the left-handed e'e;  
When at other fellows she's gleymin,  
It's freeten'd she's luikin at me:  
She smells far stranger than carrion,  
Her cheeks are as dark as hung beef,  
Her breasts are as flat as a back-buird;  
'Mang sluts she's aye counted the chief!

We're aw wise fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw neyce fellows weel met;  
We're aw sad fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:  
Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
Till day's braid glare bids us part;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Gwordy, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Gworge, geapin Grizzy,  
Wi' girt feet and marrowless legs ;  
Her reed neb wad set fire to brumstone ;  
Her een are as big as duck eggs :  
She's shep'd leyke a sweyne i' the middle,  
Her skin's freckl'd aw leyke a gleid ;  
Her mouth's weyde as onie town yubben,  
We're freeten'd she'll swally her head !

We're aw strang fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw lish fellows weel met ;  
We're aw top fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :  
Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
Till day's braid glare bids us start ;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Wully, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Wull, winkin Winny,  
That measures exact three feet eight,  
But wi' roun-shou'derd Ruth, or tall Tibby,  
She'll scart, and she'll girn, and she'll feight :  
She's cruik'd as an S—wid a hip out,  
Her feet flat and braid, as big fluiks ;  
Her feace is as lang as a fiddle,  
And aw spatter'd owre wi' reed plouks !

We're aw young fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw teeght fellows weel met ;  
We're aw brave fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :  
Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
Till day's braid glare bids us part ;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Mwosey, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Mwose, mantin Matty,  
That lisps through her black rotten teeth;  
You can't catch five words in ten minutes:  
If gowlin, she'd flay yen to deeth:  
Her feace like auld Nick's nutmeg grater,  
And yallow neck bitten wi' fleas;  
She's troubl'd wi' win' aye at meale teymes,  
And belshes to give hersel ease.

We're aw 'cute fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw sharp fellows weel met;  
We're aw rare fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:  
Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
Till day's braid glare bids us part:  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Nathan, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Natt, noisy Nanny,  
That chows shag 'bacco for fun;  
She cocks her belly when walkin,  
And aye luiks down to the grun:  
She talks beath sleepin and wakin,  
And crowks leyke a tead when she speaks;  
On her nwose en' the hair grows leyke stibble,  
And gravy drops run owre her cheeks!

We're aw teugh fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw rash fellows weel met;  
We're aw queer fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:  
Let's drink to the lang, leame, and lazy,  
Deef, dum, black, brown, bleer-e'd, and blin,  
May they suin get weel weddet, and beddet,  
If lads they can onie where fin!

## THE DAWSTON PLAYER-FWOK.

TUNE—"Derry Down."

COME, stur the fire, Shadrich! and hearken to me;  
 I went up to Dawston their play-fwok to see,  
 And paid my cruik'd tizzy, and gat a front seat;  
 Thrang as three in a bed, they were wedg'd in  
                   that neet.

Derry Down, &amp;c.

Furst the ban on their hoyboys and peypes did sae  
                   cruin,  
 Tho' they blew oft and sair, it aye seem'd the seame  
                   tune:

Aw was famish confusion—but when they began,  
 Lack-a-day! the fair penitent prui'd but a man!

Derry Down, &amp;c.

When they chink'd a lal bell, there was yen summet  
                   spak,

But he hung down his head, and he held up his  
                   back;

The picture caw'd Garrick abuin the stage stood,  
 I thought it yence laugh'd, and i' faith weel it mud!

Derry Down, &amp;c.

Like a hawf white-wash'd sweep, yen *Orashi*\*  
                   bunc'd in,

And he tweyn'd leyke an edder, and cock'd up  
                   his chin;

In his yallow plush breeks, and lang black rusty  
                   sword,

Wid his square gob weyde open—thought I, what  
                   a Lword!

Derry Down, &amp;c.

\*The manner in which they pronounced the different  
 names.



He was drucken, (that's sarten;) he cudn't get on;  
 'Loavins!' cried an auld woman; 'what, that's  
 Rutson' Jwohn!'

'Mess, but he's a darter!' 'a topper!' says I,  
 Was he but in a meadow, he'd freeten the kye.  
 Derry Down, &c.

In bonnie flower'd weastcwoat, and full-bottom'd  
 wig,  
 Auld *Siholto* he squeak'd leyke a stuck guinea pig;  
 Then his dowter he fratch'd, and her sweetheart  
 forby,

O man! it was movin, and meade the bairns cry!  
 Derry Down, &c.

Yen whisper'd me softly—'that's Clogger Jwohn  
 Bell.'

Says I, 'leyke eneugh, of that man I've heard tell.'  
 Now a tweesome talk'd loud, but nit varra discreet,  
 For they promis'd twea whores† afore nuin they  
 wad meet.  
 Derry Down, &c.

Frae tae fit to tudder, *Lothari* he hopp'd,  
 Aw leyke clock-wark; his words tui how neycely  
 he chopp'd!  
 Peer body! he waddent lig whiet, when dead,  
 Sae they e'en lugg'd him out by the heels and the  
 head.  
 Derry Down, &c.

There was yen wid a weast thick as onie barrel  
 kurn,  
 He poud up his pettikits, then gev a gurn;  
 And he luik'd as to say, 'Now what think ye o' me?'  
 A lal lass spak the truth—it was shockin to see!  
 Derry Down, &c.

† Two hours.

Neist a cliver lish chap, wid his feyne reed leed  
 cheeks,  
 Blew his nwose wi' his fingers, and hotch'd up  
 his breeks;  
 Then he tuik a fresh chow, and the auld'n threw  
 out,  
 And said, 'Dui be whiet—what's aw this about?'  
 Derry Down, &c.

The schuilmaister, gager, and twee or three mair,  
 Hed seen Mister Punch play his pranks at a fair;  
 Efter far-larned threepin, at last, at the Bell,  
 'Twas agreed, nit ev'n Punch cud thur heroes  
 excel.  
 Derry Down, &c.

Sec struttin and wheynin may please dwoatin fuils,  
 Or rough-headed callans, just sent off to schuils:  
 But hedst tou e'er dreamt o' sec actin, dear Rowk!  
 For sarten, thou ne'er wad ha'e written at aw.  
 Derry Down, &c.

Ye wise men o' Dawston, stick clwose to your wark,  
 Sit at heame wi' your weyves and your bairns  
 efter dark;  
 To be caw'd kings and heroes is pleasin indeed,—  
 But before you turn player-fwok, furst larn to  
 read!  
 Derry Down, &c.

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## OUR JWOHNY.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

OUR Jwohny's just turn'd till a parfet atomy,  
 Nowther works, eats, drinks, or sleeps as he sud;  
 He seeghs in a nuik, and fins fau't wid his poddish,  
 And luiks like a deyl'd body, spoil'd for aw gud.

He reaves in his sleep, and reads buiks o' luive  
 letters,  
 Ae turn efter dark, nae, he'll nit dui at aw!  
 But ae neet, last week, I determin'd to watch him,  
 And suin, wi' his sweetheart our Jwohny I saw.  
 I cower'd my ways down, ahint our young eshes,  
 And by went the tweesome,—he seem'd nit the  
 seame;  
 They laugh'd, kiss'd and cutter'd—nought bad  
 past atween them;  
 I gat what I wanted, and sae crap off heame;  
 Our landlword' lass, Letty, his heart hes in keepin,  
 To be seer she's a sarvant, but weel to be seen;  
 She's lish, young and bonnie, and honest as onie,  
 In hard workin poverty I see nought that's mean!  
 The fadder o' Jwohny was my fellow-sarvant;  
 God rust him! his marrow I's ne'er to see mair!  
 Auld Matthew hed gear, and follow'd me weekly,  
 And cut me a lock of his gray grizzled hair.  
 Hed I wedded Matthew, I'd now been a leady,  
 But foursewore and twonty can niver agree:  
 Our Jwohny may e'en try his luck, and git  
 wedded,  
 And they sal ha'e baith stock and crop when I dee.

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### KING ROGER.

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

'Twas but tudder neet, efter darknin,  
 We sat owre a bleezin turf fire;  
 Our deame she was sturrin a cow-drink,  
 Our Betty milk'd kye in the byre:

- ‘ Ay, fadder !’ cried out our lal Roger,  
‘ I wish I wer nobbet a king !’  
‘ Wey, what wad te dui ? (says I,) Roger,  
‘ Suppose thou cud tek thy full swing ?’  
‘ Furst, thou sud be lword judge, and bishop ;  
‘ My mudder sud hev a gold crutch ;  
‘ I’d build for the peer fwok feyne houses,  
‘ And gi’e them—aye, ever sae much !  
‘ Our Betty sud wed Charley Miggens,  
‘ And wear her stamp’d gown ev’ry day ;  
‘ Sec dancin we’d hev in the cock-loft  
‘ Bill Adams the fiddle sud play.  
‘ A posset I’d hev to my breakfast,  
‘ And sup wid a breet siller spuin ;  
‘ For dinner I’d hev a fat crowdy,  
‘ And strang tea at mid efternuin :  
‘ I’d wear neyce wheyte cottinet stockins,  
‘ And new gambaleery clean shoes,  
‘ Wi’ jimp lively black fustin briches,  
‘ And ev’ry feyne thing I cud choose.  
‘ I’d hev monie thousands o’ shippen,  
‘ To sail the weyde warl aw about ;  
‘ I’d say to my soldiers, gang owre seas,  
‘ And kill the French dogs, out and out !  
‘ On our lang-tail’d naig I’d be mounted,  
‘ My footmen in silver and green ;  
‘ And when I’d seen aw foreign countries,  
‘ I’d mek Aggy Glaister my queen.  
‘ Our meadow sud be a girt worchet,  
‘ And grow nought at aw but big plums ;  
‘ A schuil-house we’d build—As for maister,  
‘ We’d e’en hing him up by the thums.

' Joss Feddon sud be my head huntsman,  
 ' We'd keep seeben couple o' dogs,  
 ' And kill aw the hares i' the kingdom ;  
 ' My mudder sud wear weel-greas'd clogs.  
 ' Then Cursmas sud last, ay for iver !  
 ' And Sundays we'd ha'e tweyce a-week ;  
 ' The muin sud show leet aw the winter ;  
 ' Our cat and our cwoley sud speak :  
 ' The peer fwok sud leeve widout workin,  
 ' And feed on plum-puddin and beef ;  
 ' Then aw wad be happy, for sarten,  
 ' There nowther cud be rwogue or thief.'

Now thus ran on leytle king Roger,  
 But suin aw his happiness fled ;  
 A spark frae the fire brunt his knockle,  
 And off he crap whingin to bed :  
 Thus fares it wi' beath young and auld fwok,  
 Frae king to the beggar we see ;  
 Just cross us i' th' midst o' our greatness,  
 And peer wretched creatures are we !

### KITT CRAFFET.

TUNE—" *Come under my plaidie.*"

SAAC Crosset, o' Chawk,\* a feyne heed-sten hes  
 cutten,

And just setten't up owre anept the kurk en ;  
 A chubby-feac'd angel o' top on't they've putten,  
 And vares, as guid as e'er com frae a pen :  
 It's for auld Kit Craffet, our wordy wise neybor,  
 God rust him ! a better man ne'er wore a head ;

\* Shawk.

H

He's nit left his fellow thro' aw the heale county  
And monie peer fwok are in want, now he's dea  
I mind when at schuil, a reet top scholar was he  
Of lakin or rampin nae nwotion hed he,  
But nar the auld thworn he wad sit and keep mwos  
And caw'd it a sin just to kill a peer flee :  
A penny he niver let rust in his pocket,  
But gev't to the furst beggar body he met ;  
Then at kurk he cud follow the priest thro' t  
sarvice,  
And as for a tribble he niver was bet.  
Tho' he wan seeben belts lang afwore he w  
twenty,  
And in Scealeby meadow oft tuik off the baw,  
Yet he kent aw the beyble, algebra, Josephus,  
And capp'd the priest, maister, exciseman a  
aw.  
He cud talk about battles, balloons, burnin  
mountains,  
And wars, till baith young and auld trimme  
for fear,  
Then he'd tell how they us'd the "peer West Inc  
neegers,"  
And stamp wid his fit, aye, and drop monie a tea  
When he red about parliments, pleaces, an  
changes,  
He flang by the paper, and cried, ' Silly stuff'  
' The *Outs* wad be *in*, and the *Ins* rob their count  
' They're nit aw together worth ae pinch o' snuf  
His creed was—Be statesmen but just, Briton  
loyal,  
And lang as our shippin reyde maisters at sea,  
We'll laugh at the puffin o' vain Bonnyparty,  
As suin may he conquer the deevil as we.

When onie neybor was fash'd by the turnies,  
Oh! it meade him happy if he cud be bail!  
Wea-thurds of his income he gev away yearly,  
And actually tuik peer Tom Linton frae jail.  
He was yence cross'd in luive by a gud-for-nought  
hussy,  
But if onie lass by her sweetheart was wrang'd,  
He wad give her gud counsel, and lecture the  
fellow,  
And oft did he wish aw sec skeybels were hang'd.  
He cud mek pills and plaisters as weel as our doctor,  
And cure colic, aga, and jaunice forby;  
For grease, or the glanders, reed watter, or fellen,  
Nin o' them was leyke him, amang naigs or kye;  
That, he talk'd to the bishop about agriculture,  
And yence went to Plymouth to see the grand  
fleet;  
For the brave sailors trail'd off by the press-gangs,  
'Od die them!' he said, 'that can niver be reet!'  
He ne'er was a drinker, a swearer, a feighter,  
A cocker, a gamler, a fop, or a fuil;  
That left this sad warl just at three scwore and  
seeben,  
I' the clay house his granfader built wi' the  
schuil.  
Ah! monie a saut tear will be shed ev'ry Sunday,  
In reading the varsed they've stuck on his steane;  
All watters run up bank, and trees they grow  
down bank,  
We niver can luik on his marrow agean!

*January 2, 1807.*

## ELIZABETH' BURTH-DAY.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

JENNY.

"Ay, Wulliam! neist Monday's Elizabeth' burth-day!

She is a neyce lass, tho' she were nin o' mine;  
We mun ax the Miss Dowsons, and auld Broome  
young fwok:

I wish I'd but seav'd a swope geuseberry winn;  
She'll be sebenteen; what, she's got thro' the  
larnin;

She dances as I did, when first I kent thee.  
As for Tom, her cruik'd billy, he stumps leyland  
cwoach-horse;

We'll ne'er mek a man on him, aw we can do.

WULLIAM.

"Hut, Jenny! hod tongue o' thee! praise  
sec varment,

She won't men' a sark, but reads novels, prae  
brat!

She dance! What she turns in her taes, thou  
gonny,

Caw her Bet, 'twas the neame her auld gran  
aye gat.

No, Tommy for my money! he reads his beybo  
And hes sec a lovinly squint wid his een;

He sheps as leyke me, as ae bean's leyke anud  
She snurls up her neb, just a shem to be seen.

JENNY.

"Shaf, Wully! that's fashion—tou kens  
about it;

She's streyt as a resh, and as reed as a rwose.



e's sharp as a needle, and luiks leyke a leady ;  
 Thou talks, man—a lass cannot meake her awn  
     nwose !  
 e's dilicate meade, and nit fit for the country ;  
 For Tom, he's knock-knee'd, wi' twea girt ass-  
     buird feet ;  
 d help them he sheps leyke ! they've little to  
     brag on ;  
 Tho' ours, I've oft thought, he was nit varra reet."

## WULLIAM.

D, Jen ! thou's run mad wi' thy gossips and  
     trumpery :  
 Our lal bit o' lan we maun sell, I declare ;  
 yence thought thee an angel,—thou's turn'd just  
     a deevil,  
 Has fash'd me reet lang, and oft vexes me sair :  
 is fashion and feasting brings monie to ruin,  
 A duir o' my house they shall nit come within ;  
 for Bet, if she dunnet gang off till a sarvice,  
 When I's dead and geane she shall nit hev a pin."

## JENNY.

Stop, Wull ! whee was't brong thee that fortune ?  
     peer gomas !  
 Just thurteen gud yacres as lig to the sun ;  
 hen I tuik up wi' thee, I'd lost peer Gwordy  
     Glossip,  
 I've rued sin' that hour to the kurk when we run :  
 ere thou cauld and coffin'd, I'd suin get a better ;  
 Sae creep off to bed, nit a word let us hear !  
 hey shall come, if God spare us, far mair than I  
     mention'd—  
 Elizabeth' burth-day but comes yence a-year !

January 2, 1807.

## BORROWDALE JWOHNY.

TUNE—" *I am a young fellow.*"

I's Borrowdale Jwohny just cumt up to Lunnon,  
 Nay, girn nit at me, for fear I laugh at you ;  
 I've seen knaves donn'd i' silks, and guid men gam  
     in tatters,

The truith we sud tell, and gi'e auld Nick his dum  
 Nan Watt pruiv'd wi' bairn—what, they caw'd m  
     the fadder ;

Thinks I, *shekum filthy !* be off in a treyce !  
 Nine Carel bank nwotes mudder slipt i' my pocke  
 And fadder neist ga'e me reet holesome adveyc  
 Says he, 'keep frae t' lasses ! and ne'er luik abin  
     thee ;'

We're deep as the best o' them, fadder, says I.  
 They pack'd up ae sark, Sunday weastwoa  
     twee neckcloths,

Wot bannock, cauld dumplin, and top stannin pie  
 I mounted black filly, bade God bless th' auld fwo  
 Cries fadder, 'Tou's larn'd, Jwohn, and h  
     nought to fear ;

Caw and see cousin Jacep ! he's got aw the money  
 He'll git thee sum guverment pleace, to be see

I stopp'd on the fell, tuik a lang luik at Skiddaw  
 And neist at the schuil-house amang the e  
     trees ;

Last thing, saw the smuik rising up frae our chimle  
 And fun aw quite queer, wid a heart ill at ease  
 But summet within me, cried, Pou up thy spirit

There's luck, says auld Lizzy, in feacin the sun  
 Tou's young, lish, and cliver, may wed a feyr  
     leady,

And come heame a Nabab—aye, sure as a gun

knowing manners, what, I doff'd my hat to aw  
strangers,

Wid a spur on my heel, a yek siplin in han,  
tuik me nine days and six hours comin up-bank,  
At the *Whorns*—aye, 'twas *Highget*, a chap bad  
me stan :

ys he, 'How's all friends in the North, honest  
Johnny ?'

Odswunters ! I says, what, ye divvent ken me !  
paid twee wheyte shillins, and fain was to see him,  
Nit thinkin on't rwoad onie 'quaintance to see.

ist thing, what big kurks, gilded cwoaches, hee  
houses,

And fwok runnin thro' other, leyke Carel Fair ;  
ax'd a smart chap where to fin cousin Jacep,  
Says he, 'Clown, go look !' Friend, says I, tell  
me where ?

fadder' letter to Jacep hed got nae *subscription*,  
Sae, when I was glowrin and siz'lin about,  
wheyte-feac'd young lass, aw dress'd out leyke a  
leady,

Cried, "Pray, Sir, step in !" but I wish I'd  
kept out.

he pou'd at a bell, leyke our kurk-bell it sounded,  
In com sarvant lass, and she worder'd some weyne ;  
ays I, I's nit dry, sae pray, Madam, excuse me ;  
Nay, what she insisted I sud stop and deyne.

he meade varra free—'twas a shem and a byzen !  
I thowt her in luive wi' my *parson*, for sure ;  
nd promis'd to caw agean :—as for black filly,  
(Wad onie believ't) she was stown frae the duir !

Od dang't ! war than that—when I greap'd my  
breek pocket,

I fan fadder' watch, and the nwotes were aw gaen ;

It was neet, and I luik'd lang and sair for kent  
feaces,

But Borrowdale fwok I cud niver see neane.  
I slept on the flags, just ahint the kurk-corner,  
A chap wid a girt stick and lantern com by,  
He caw'd me peace-breaker—says I, thou's a lear—  
In a pleace leyke a saller they fworc'd me to lie.

Nae caff bed or blankets for silly pilgarlic ;  
De'il a wink cud I sleep, nay, nor yet see a  
steyme ;

Neist day I was ta'en to the Narration Offish,  
When a man in a wig said, I'd duin a sad creyme.  
Then ane ax'd my neame, and he pat on his speckets,  
Says I, Jwohny Cruckdeyke—I's Borrowdale  
bworn ;

Whea think ye it prui'd but my awn cousin Jacep,  
He seav'd me frae t' gallows, ay that varra mworn.

He spak to my Lword, some hard words, quite  
outlandish,

Then caw'd for his cwoach, and away we ruid  
heame ;

He ax'd varra kind efter fadder and mudder,  
I said they were bravely, and neist saw his deame ;  
She's aw puff and pouder ; as for cousin Jacep,

He's got owre much gear to teake nwotish o' me ;  
But if onie amang ye sud want a lish sarvant,  
Just bid me a weage—I'll uphod ye, we's 'gree.

*January 4, 1807.*

### LANG SEYNE.

TUNE—" *Tak your auld cloak about ye.*"

THE last new shoon our Betty gat,  
They pinch her feet, the de'il may care !

What, she mud ha'e them leady leyke,  
Tho' she hes cworns for evermair :  
Nae black gairn stockings will she wear,  
They mun be wheyte, and cotton feyne !  
This meks me think o' other teymes,  
The happy days o' auld lang seyne !

Our dowter, tui, a palace\* bought,  
A guid reed clwoak she cannot wear ;  
And stays, she says, spoil leady's sheps—  
Oh ! it wad mek a parson swear.  
Nit ae han's turn o' wark she'll dui,  
She'll nowther milk or sarra t' sweyne—  
The country's puzzen'd round wi' preyde,  
For lasses work'd reet hard lang seyne.

We've three guid rooms in our clay house,  
Just big enough for sec as we ;  
They'd hev a parlour built wi' bricks,  
I mud submit—what cud I dee ?  
The saddle neist was thrown aseyde,  
It meeght ha'e sarra'd me and mine ;  
My mudder thought it mens'd a house—  
But we think shem o' auld lang seyne !

We us'd to ga' to bed at dark,  
And ruse agean at four or five ;  
The mworn's the only teyme for wark,  
If fwok are hilthy, and wad thrive :  
Now we get up,—nay, God kens when !  
And nuin's owre suin for us to deyne ;  
It's hungry or the pot's hawf boil'd,  
And wish for teymes leyke auld lang seyne.

Deuce tek the fuil-invented tea !  
For tweyce a-day we that mun hev :

\* Pelisse.

Then taxes get sae monstrous hee,  
 The de'il a plack yen now can seave!  
 There's been nae luck throughout the lan,  
 Sin' fwoak mud leyke their betters sheyne;  
 French fashions mek us parfet fuils;  
 We're caff and san to auld lang seyne!  
*January 5, 1807.*

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### THE AULD BEGGAR.

I MET the auld man, wid his starv'd grey cur near  
 him,  
 The blast owre the mountain blew cauld i' the  
 vale;  
 Nae heame to receive him, few strange fwok to  
 hear him,  
 And thin wer his patch'd duds, he mickle did ail:  
 A tear dimm'd his e'e, his feace furrow'd by sorrow,  
 Seem'd to say, he frae whope nit ae comfort cud  
 borrow,  
 And sad was the beggarman's teale.

' Behold,' he cried seeghing, ' the spwort of false  
 fortune !  
 ' The peer wretched outcast, the beggar you see,  
 ' Yence boasted o' wealth, but the warl is uncertain,  
 ' And friens o' my youth smeyl nae langer on  
 me :  
 ' I's the last o' the flock, my weyfe Ann for Heaven  
 left me,  
 ' Of my only lad, Tim, accurst war neist bereft me ;  
 ' My yage's suppwort lang was he !  
 ' Yence in the proud city, I smeyl'd amang plenty,  
 ' Frae east and frae west, monie a vessel then bore

' To me the rich cargo, to me the feyne dainty,  
 ' And the peer hungry bodies still shar'd of my  
   store ;  
 ' A storm sunk my shippin, by false friens sur-  
   rounded,  
 ' The laugh o' the girt fwok, this meade me con-  
   founded,  
 ' Ilk prospec for iver was o'er !  
 ' I creep owre the mountains, but meast in the  
   valleys,  
 ' And wi' my fond dog share a crust at the duir !  
 ' I shun the girt fwck, and ilk house leyke a palace,  
 ' For sweetest to me is the meyte frae the puir :  
 ' At neet, when on strae wi' my faithfu' dog lyin,  
 ' I thank him that meade me, for what I's enjoying ;  
 ' His promise I whope to secure."

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### THE BUCK O' KINGWATTER.\*

TUNE—" *The Breckans of Brampton.*"

WHEN I was single, I rid a feyne naig,  
 And was caw'd the Buck o' Kingwatter ;  
 Now the cwoat o' my back hes got but ae sleeve,  
 And my breeks are aw in a tatter.

Sing, Oh ! the lasses ! the lazy lasses !  
 Keep frae the lasses o' Branton !  
 I ne'er wad ha'e married, that day I married,  
 But I was young, feulish, and wanton.

I courted a lass—an angel I thought—  
 She's turn'd out the picture of evil ;

\* The river King, near Gilsland.

She geapes, yen may count ev'ry tuith in her head,  
And shouts, fit to freeten the deevil.

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

To-day she slipt out, some 'bacco to buy,  
And bade me mind rock the cradle;  
I cowp'd owre asleep, but suin she com in,  
And brak aw my head wi' the ladle.

Sing, Oh! the lasses, &c.

I ne'er hed a heart to hannel a gun,  
Or I'd run away, and leave her.  
She pretends to win purns, but that's aw fun,  
They say she's owre kind wi' the weaver.

Sing, Oh! the lasses, &c.

I dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week;  
If we get a bit meat on a Sunday,  
She cuts me nae mair than wad physic a sneype;  
Then we've tatey and point ev'ry Monday.

Sing, Oh! the lasses, &c.

Tho' weary o' leyfe, wi' this gud-for-nought weyfe,  
I wish I cud get sec anudder;  
And then I cud gi'e the deevil the teane,  
For teakin away the tudder!

Sing, Oh! the lasses! the lazy lasses!

Beware o' the lasses o' Branton!

I ne'er wad ha'e married, that day I married,  
But I was young, feulish, and wanton.

January 6, 1807.

## MARGET O' THE MILL.

TUNE—"Tom Starboard."

HERR fadder's whope, her mudder's preyde,  
Was black-ey'd Marget o' the Mill,



And summer day, or winter neet,  
Was happy, cheerfu', busy still;  
And Ralph, her fadder, oft declar'd,  
His darlin forty pund's shou'd have  
The day a husband tuik her han,  
And mair, if lang he skeap'd the greave.

The lily and the deyke-rwose beath,  
Were mix'd in Marget's bonny feace;  
Her form mud win the cauldest heart,  
And her's was nature's modest greace;—  
Her luik drew monie a neybor laird,  
Her een luive's piercin arrows fir'd  
But nae rich laird cud gain the han  
Of this fair flow'r, by aw admir'd.

Oh, luckless hour! at town ae day,  
Yen in a sowdger's dress she saw;  
He stule her heart—and frae that hour,  
May Marget date a leyfe of woe;—  
For now she shuns aw roun the mill,  
Nae langer to her bosom dear;  
And faded is her bonny feace,  
And dim her e'e wi' monie a tear.

Peer Marget! yence a fadder's preyde,  
Is now widout a fadder left;  
Deserted, aw day lang she moans,  
Luive's victim, of ilk whope bereft!  
Ye lasses, aw seducers shun,  
And think o' Marget o' the Mill;  
She, crazy, daunders wid her bairn,  
A prey to luive and sorrow still.



## MADAM JANE.

TUNE—" *I will ha'e a weyfe.*"

MONEY meks us bonny,  
Money meks us glad ;  
Be she auld or ugly,  
Money brings a lad.  
When I'd ne'er a penny,  
De'il a lad hed I—  
Pointin ay at Jenny,  
Laughin they flew by.

Money causes flatt'ry,  
Money meks us vain ;  
Money changes aw things—  
Now I'm *Madam Jane*.  
Sen auld Robby left me  
Houses, fields, nit few,  
Lads thrang round i' clusters,  
I'm a beauty now !

Money meks us merry,  
Money meks us bra' ;  
Money gets us sweethearts—  
That's the best of a' !  
I ha'e fat and slender,  
I ha'e shwort and taw ;  
I ha'e rake and miser—  
I despise them aw !

Money they're aw seeking,  
Money they's git neane ;  
Money sends them sneaking  
Efter *Madam Jane* !

There's ane puir and bashfu',  
I ha'e i' my e'e;  
He's git han and siller,  
Gin he fancies me.

Money meks us bonny, &c.

January 6, 1807.

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## YOUNG SUSY.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

YOUNG Susy is a bonny lass,  
A canny lass, a teydey lass,  
A mettled lass, a hearty lass,  
As onie yen can see;  
A clean-heel'd lass, a weel-spok lass,  
A buik-larn'd lass, a kurk-gawn lass,  
I watena how it com to pass,  
She's meade a fuil o' me.

I's tir'd o' workin, plowin, sowin,  
Deeting, deykin, threshin, mowin;  
Seeghin, greanin, never knowin

What I's gawn to de.

I met her—aye, 'twas this day week!  
Od die! thought I, I'll try to speak;  
But tried in vain the teale to seek,  
For sec a lass is she!

Her jet black hair hawf heydes her brow,  
Her een just thirl yen thro' and thro'—  
But, Oh! her cheeks and churry mou  
Are far owre sweet to see!

I's tir'd o' workin, &c.

Oh, cud I put her in a sang!  
To hear her praise the heale day lang,

She mud consent to kurk to gang;  
 There's puirer fwok than me!  
 But I can nowther rhyme nor rave,  
 Luive meks yen sec a coward slave;  
 I'd better far sleep i' my grave—  
 But, Oh! that munnet be!

I's tir'd o' workin, plowin, sówin,  
 Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin,  
 Seeghin, greanin, never knowin  
 What I's gawn to de.

January 6, 1807.

## THE REEDBREEST.

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

COME into my cabin, reed Robin!  
 Theyce welcome, lal warbler, to me!  
 Now Skiddaw hes got his wheyte cap on,  
 Agean I'll gi'e shelter to thee.  
 Just hop thy ways into my pantry,  
 And feast on my peer humble fare;  
 I never was fash'd wid a dainty,  
 But meyne, man or burd sal ay share.  
 Now four years are by-geane, reed Robin,  
 Sen furst thou com singin to me;  
 But, Oh, how I's chang'd, little Robin,  
 Sen furst I bade welcome to thee!  
 I then hed a bonny bit lassie,  
 Away wid anudder she's geane;  
 My friens wad oft caw at my cabin,  
 Now dowie I seegh aw my leane.  
 Oh, where is thy sweetheart, reed Robin?  
 Ga' bring her frae house-top or tree;

I'll bid her be true to sweet Robin,  
For false was a lassie to me.  
You'll share ev'ry crum i' my cabin,  
We'll sing the cauld winter away;  
I wunnet deceive ye, peer burdies!  
Let mortals use me as they may,  
*November, 1800.*

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## THREESCWARE AND NINETEEN.

*TUNE by the Author.*

Aye, Aye, I's feeble grown,  
And feckless—weel I may!  
I's threescware and nineteen,  
Ay, just this varra day!  
I ha'e nae teeth, my meat to chew,  
But little sarras me!  
The best thing I eat or drink,  
Is just a cup o' tea!  
  
Aye, aye, the bairns mak gam,  
And pleague me suin and late;  
Men fwok I leyke i' my heart,  
But bairns and lasses hate!  
This gown o' meyne's lang i' the weast,  
Aul-fashion'd i' the sleeve;  
It meks me luik leyke foursware,  
I varily believe!

Aye, aye, what I's deaf,  
My hearin's quite geane;  
I's fash'd wi' that sad cough aw neet,  
But little I complain.

I smuik a bit, and cough a bit,  
And then I try to spin;  
And then I daddle to the duir,  
And then I daddle in!

Aye, aye, I wonder much,  
How women can get men;  
I've tried for threescore years and mair,  
But never cud get yen.  
De'il tek the cat—what is she at?  
Lie quiet on the chair:  
I thowt it e'en was Daniel Strang,  
Comin up the stair!

Aye, Aye, I've bed and box,  
And kist, and clock, and wheel,  
And tub, and rock, and stuil, and pan,  
And chair, and dish, and reel;  
And luiking-glass, and chammer-pot,  
And bottles for smaw beer;  
Mouse-trap, sawt-box, kettle, and—  
That's Danny sure I hear!

Aye, aye, he's young enough,  
But, oh! a reet neyce man;  
And I wad ne'er be cauld in bed,  
Cud I but marry Dan.  
Deuce tek that cough! that weary cough—  
It never let's me be;  
I's kilt wi' that and gravel beath—  
Oh, Daniel, come to me!

*January 8, 1807*



## SILLY ANDREW.

TUNE—" *Wandering Willie.*"

O how can I get a bit weyfe? says lang Andrew,  
Shadric, come tell me, lad, what I mun dee;  
    Tou kens I's just twenty,  
    Ha'e houses, lans plenty,  
    A partner I want—ay—  
But nin 'll ha'e me!

'Twas furst blue-e'ed Betty that meade my mouth  
    watter,  
She darn'd my auld stockins, my crivet and aw;  
    Last harvest, when sheerin,  
    Wi' jeybin and jeerin,  
    She fworc'd me to swearin—  
Bett ne'er mair I saw!

Neist reed-headed Hannah to me seem'd an angel,  
And com to our house monie a neet wid her wark;  
    I yence ax'd to set her,  
    She said she kent better:  
    Whea thinks te can get her?  
E'en daft Symie Clark!

Then smaw-weasted Winny meade gowns for our  
    Jenny;  
Andrew, man, stick tull her! mudder oft said;  
    She hes feyne sense, and money,  
    Young, lish, smart and bonny,  
    Is a match, aye for onie.—  
But she's for Black Ned!

Then how can I get a bit weyfe? tell me, Shadric!  
Tou mun be reet happy, they're aw fond o' thee!

I've followed Nan, Tibby,  
 Sall, Mall, Fan, and Sibby,  
 Ett, Luke, Doll, and Debby;  
 But nin 'll ha'e me!

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### AULD ROBBY MILLER.

TUNE—"Gin I had a wee House."

OH, cud I but see the blithe days I ha'e seen,  
 When I was a lish laughin lass o' sixteen!  
 Then lads lap around, and said nin was leyke me,  
 Now they're aw fled away, and I's turn'd thurty-  
 three.

A single leyfe's but a comfortless leyfe,  
 It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe;  
 To get a bit body I've tried aw I can—  
 Waes me for the lassie that can't get a man.

When day-leet's aw geane, and I sit down to spin,  
 I wish some young fellow wad only step in;  
 At the market I saunter, and dress at the fair,  
 But nae lad at peer Keaty a luik will e'er spare.  
 A single leyfe's but a weary dull leyfe,  
 It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe;  
 In vain a peer lassie may try ilka plan,  
 Caw her rich, and I'll venture she'll suin get a man.

There's auld Robby Miller, wi' his siller pow,  
 Bent double, and canna creep up the hill now;  
 Tho' steane-deaf and tuithless, and bleer-e'd and aw  
 He hes gear, and I's thinking to gi'e him a caw.  
 A single leyfe's a heart-breakin leyfe,  
 It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe;



I'll keame his lank locks, and dui what I can—  
There's monie a young lassie wad tek an auld man!

He lives aw his leane; but he's surely to bleame,  
When a wanter like me may be had sae near heame:  
Wer we weddet to-morrow, he'd nit be lang here,  
Then I'd buy a man to my mind wid his gear.  
A single leyfe's a sorrowfu' leyfe,  
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe;  
I'll off to auld Robby,—ay, that's the best plan,  
And cwoax him, and wed him, the canny auld man.

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### NANNY PEAL.

EYES there are that never weep;  
Hearts there are that never feel;  
God keep them that can dui baith,  
And sec was yence sweet Nanny Peal.  
Tom Feddon was a sailor lad,  
A better never sail'd saut sea;  
The dang'rous rocks reet weel he knew,  
The captain's favourite was he.

When out, and cronies drank or sang,  
Or danc'd the jig, or leetsome reel,  
Peer Tom wad sit him on the yard,  
And fondly think o' Nanny Peal.  
For, Oh she was a hearty lass,  
A sweeter feace nin e'er did see;  
And luive lurk'd in her twea breet een,  
And innocence itsel was she.

Oft, i' the kurk, the neybor lads .  
At her a bashfu' luik wad steal;

Oft, at the markets, stare and point,  
And whisper—"See! that's Nanny Peal."  
But Tom was aw her heart's deleyte;  
And, efter voyages twee or three,  
(In which he wad feyne presents bring,)  
Baith fondly whop'd they'd married be.

And now this teyde they quit the pwort;  
Tom wid a kiss his faith did seal;  
They cry'd, they seegh'd, whop'd suin to meet—  
'Twas hard to part wi' Nanny Peal!  
The sea was cawm, the sky was clear,  
The ship she watch'd while eye cud see;  
"The voyage is shwort!" she tremblin said,  
"God send him seafe and suin to me!"

Afwore her peer auld mudder's duir,  
She sung, and thowt, and turn'd her wheel;  
But when that neet the storm com on,  
Chang'd was the heart of Nanny Peal.  
And sad was she the next lang day;  
The third day warse—still warse grew she;  
Alas! the fourth day brought the news,  
Baith ship and men were lost at sea!

She heard, she fainted on the fluir;  
Much did her peer auld mudder feel;  
The neybors roun, baith auld and young,  
Dropt monie a tear for Nanny Peal.  
Sin' that, she wanders aw day lang,  
And gazes weyldly on the sea;  
She's spent, peer thing, to skin and beane,  
And ragged, wretched, now is she.

Oft reydin on the wheyte-topp'd waves,  
She sees her Tom towerts her steal;

And then she laughs, and caws aloud,  
“ O come, O come to Nanny Peal !”  
God keep thee ! helpless, luckless lass !  
On earth thou munnet happy be ;  
But leyfe is wearin fast away—  
Thou suin in Heav’n peer Tom wilt see.

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## ANDREW’S YOUNGEST DOWTER.

TUNE *by the Author.*

WHERE Irthin \* rows to Eden’s streams,  
Thro’ meadows sweetly stealin,  
Owrehung by crags, hawf hid by furze,  
There stands a cwozey dwellin ;  
And there’s a lass wi’ witchin feace,  
Her luik gi’es pain or pleasure,  
A rwose-bud hid frae pryin een,  
The lads’ deleyte and treasure ;  
For when I saw her aw her leane,  
I mair than mortal thought her,  
And stuid amaz’d, and silent gaz’d  
On Andrew’s youngest dowter.

Her luik a captive meade my heart,  
How matchless seem’d ilk feature !  
The sun, in aw his yearly course,  
Sheynes on nae fairer creature ;  
I watch’d her thro’ the daisied howmes,  
And pray’d for her returnin ;  
Then track’d her foot-marks through the wood,  
My smitten heart aw burnin ;—

\* A river in the neighbourhood of Brampton.

Luive led me on ; but when, at last,  
 In fancy meyne I thowt her,  
 I saw her awn dear happy lad  
 Meet Andrew's youngest dowter.  
 Sing sweet, ye wild birds i' the glens,  
 Where'er young Lizzy wanders ;  
 Ye streams of Irthin, please her ears  
 Aw day wi' soft meanders ;  
 And thou, the lad aye neist her heart,  
 Caress this bonny blossom—  
 Oh, never may the thworn o' care  
 Gi'e pain to sec a bosom !  
 Had I been king o' this weyde warl,  
 And kingdoms cud ha'e bought her,  
 I'd freely parted wi' them aw,  
 For Andrew's youngest dowter !

---

### SOLDIER YEDDY.

TUNE—" *The widow can bake.*"

PEER Yeddy was brought up a fadderless bairn,  
 His jacket blue duffle, his stockins cworse gairn ;  
 His mudder, sad greaceless ! liv'd near Talkin Tarn  
 But ne'er did a turn for her Yeddy.  
 Weel shep'd, and fair feac'd, wid a bonny blue e'e,  
 Honest-hearted, aye merry, still teydey was he ;  
 But nae larnin had gotten, nor kent A B C ;—  
 There's owre monie leyke silly Yeddy.  
 Suin tir'd o' the cwoal-pit, and drivin a car,  
 Won by feathers, cockades, and the fuil'ries o' war ;  
 He wad see feyne fwok, and grand pleaces afar—  
 The bad warl was aw new to lal Yeddy.

How temptin the liquor, and bonny bank nwote !  
How temptin the pouder, sash, gun, and reed cwoat !  
Then the Frenchmen, die bin them ! we'll kill the  
whole twote !

These, these were his thoughts, honest Yeddy.  
Awhile wi' his cronies he'll smuik, laugh, and sing,  
Tell of wonders, and brag of his country and king,  
And swagger, and larn of new oaths a sad string—  
These little avail simple Yeddy.

For suin he may sing to another-guess tune,  
His billet a bad yen, his kelter aw duin ;  
And faint at his post, by the pale winter muin,  
Nae comfort awaits luckless Yeddy.

When Time steals his colour, and meks his pow  
grey,  
May he tell merry stories, nor yence rue the day,  
When he wander'd, peer lad ! frae the fell seyde  
away ;

This, this is my wish for young Yeddy.

Of lads sec as him may we ne'er be in want,  
And a brave soldier's pocket of brass ne'er be scant ;  
Nit the brags o' proud Frenchmen auld England  
can daunt,  
While we've plenty leyke young soldier Yeddy.

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### THE DAWTIE.

TUNE—" *I'm o'er young to marry yet.*"

JENNY.

" Tho' weel I leyke ye, Jwohny lad,  
I cannot, munnet marry yet !  
My peer auld mudder's unco bad,  
Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet ;

For ease or comfort she has neane—  
Leyfe's just a lang, lang neet o' pain ;  
I munnet leave her aw her leane,  
And wunnet, wunnet marry yet !”

## JWOHNY.

“ O Jenny ! dunnet brek this heart,  
And say, we munnet marry yet ;  
Thou cannot act a jillet's part—  
Why sud we tarry, tarry yet ?  
Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel ;  
I've leyk'd thee lang, nin kens how weel !  
For thee, I'd feace the varra de'il—  
O say not, we mun tarry yet !”

## JENNY.

“ A weddet leyfe's oft dearly bowt ;  
I cannot, munnet marry yet :  
Ye ha'e but little—I ha'e nought,  
Sae, we a wheyle mun tarry yet !  
My heart's yer awn, ye needna fear,  
But let us wait anudder year,  
And luive, and toil, and screape up gear—  
We munnet, munnet marry yet !

'Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,  
' O, dawtie ! dunnet marry yet !  
I'll suin lig i' my last cauld bed ;  
'Tou's aw my comfort—tarry yet.'  
Whene'er I steal out o' her seet,  
She seeghs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—  
Whisht !—that's her feeble voice ;—Guid neet !  
We munnet, munnet marry yet !”

## THE CODBECK WEDDIN.

TUNE—"Andrew Carr."

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True is my song, tho' lowly be the strain.

---

THEY sing of a weddin at Worton,  
Where aw was feight, fratchin, and fun;  
Feegh! sec a yen we've hed at Codbeck,  
As niver was under the sun:  
The breydegruim was weaver Joe Bewley,  
He com frae about Lowthet Green;  
The breyde, Jwohny Dalton' lish dowter,  
And Betty was weel to be seen.  
Sec patchin, and weshin, and bleachin,  
And starchin, and darnin auld duds;  
Some lasses thought lang to the weddin—  
Unax'd, others sat i' the suds.  
There were tweescwore and seeben inveytet,  
God speed tem, 'gean Cursenmass-day;  
Dobson' lads, tui, what they mun come hidder—  
I think they were better away.  
Furst thing Oggle Willy, the fiddler,  
Caw'd in, wi' auld Jonathan Strang;  
Neist stiff and stout, lang, leame, and lazy,  
Frae aw parts com in wi' a bang;—  
Frae Brocklebank, Faulders, and Newlands,  
Frae Heskett, Burkheads, and the Height,  
Frae Warnell, Stairnmire, Nether Welton,  
And awt' way frae Eytonfield-street.\*  
Furst auld Jwohny Dawton we'll nwotish,  
And Mary, his canny douse deame;

\* Names of Cumberland villages.

Son Wully, and Mally, his sister ;  
Goffet' weyfe, muckle Nanny by neame ;  
Wully Sinclair, Smith Leytle, Jwohn Aitchin,  
Tom Ridley, Joe Sim, Peter Weir,  
Gworge Goffet, Jwohn Bell, Miller Dyer,  
Joe Head, and Ned Bulman were there.

We'd hay-cruiks, and hentails, and hanniels,  
And nattlers that fuddle for nought ;  
Wi' skeape-greaces, skeybels, and scruffins,  
Wi' maffs better fed far than taught ;  
We'd lads that wad eat for a weager,  
Or feight, ay, till bluid to the knees ;  
Fell-seyders, and Sowerby riff-raff,  
That de'il a bum-bealie dare seize.

The breyde hung her head, and luik'd sheepish,  
The breydegruim as wheyte as a clout ;  
The bairns aw gleym'd thro' the kurk windows,  
The parson was varra devout :  
The ring was lost out of her pocket,  
The breyde meade a bonny te-dee ;  
Cries Goffet' weyfe, ' Meyne's meade o' pinchback,  
' And, la ye ; it fit's till a tee.'

Now buckl'd, wi' fiddler's afwore them,  
They gev Michael Crosby a caw ;  
Up spak canny Bewley the breydegruim,  
' Get slocken'd, lads, fadder pays aw.'  
We drank till aw seem'd blue about us,  
We're aw murry deevils, tho' peer ;  
Michael' weyfe says, ' Widout onie leen,  
' A duck mud ha'e swam on the fleer.'

Now, aw 'bacco'd owre, and hawf-drucken,  
The men fwok wad needs kiss the breyde ;



Joe Head, that's aye reckon'd best spokesman,  
Whop'd "guid wad the couple beteyde."  
Says Michael, 'I's reet glad to see you,  
' Suppwosin I gat ne'er a plack.'  
Cries t' weyfe, 'That 'll nowther pay brewer,  
' Nor get bits o' sarks to yen's back.'

The breyde wad dance *Coddle me Cuddie*.  
A threesome then caper'd Scotch reels;  
Peter Weir cleek'd up auld Mary Dalton,  
Leyke a cock round a hen neist he steals;  
Jwohn Bell yelp'd out 'Sowerby Lassies';  
Young Jwosep, a lang country dance,  
He'd got his new pumps Smithson meade him,  
And fain wad show how he cud prance.

To march round the town, and keep swober,  
The woman fwok thowt was but reet;  
'Be wise, dui, for yence,' says Jwohn Dyer,  
The breydegruim mud reyde shouder heet;—  
The youngermak lurried ahint them,  
Till efter them Bell meade a brek;  
Tom Ridley was aw baiz'd wi' drinkin,  
And plung'd off the steps i' the beck.

To Hudless's now off they sizell'd,  
And there gat far mair than eneugh;  
Miller Hodgson suin brunt the punch ladle,  
And full'd ev'ry glass wid his leuf;  
He thowt he was teakin his mouter,  
And de'il a bit conscience hes he;  
They preym'd him wi' stiff punch and jollop,  
Till Sally Scott thowt he wad dee.

Joe Sim rwoar'd out, 'Bin, we've duin wonders!  
' Our Mally's turn'd howe i' the weame.'

Wi' three strings atween them, the fiddlers  
Strack up, and they reel'd towerts heame;  
Meyner Leytle wad now hoist a standert—  
Peer man! he cud nit daddle far,  
But stuck in a pant 'buin the middle,  
And yen tuik him heame in a car.

For dinner, we'd stew'd geuse and haggish,  
Cow'd-leady, and het bacon pie,  
Boil'd fluiks, tatey-hash, beastin puddin,  
Saut salmon, and cabbish; forbye  
Pork, pancakes, black puddins, sheep trotters,  
And custert, and mustert, and veal,  
Grey-pez keale, and lang apple dumplins—  
I wish every yen far'd as weel.

The breyde geavin aw round about her,  
Cries, 'Wuns! we forgat butter sops!'  
The breydegruim fan nae teyme for talkin,  
But wi' stannin pie greas'd his chops.  
We'd lopper'd milk, skimm'd milk and kurn'd milk,  
Well watter, smaw beer, aw at yence;  
'Shaff! bring yell in piggens,' rwoars Dalton,  
'De'il tek them e'er cares for expense.'

Now aw cut and cleek'd frae their neybors,  
'Twas even down thump, pull and haul;  
Joe Head gat a geuse aw together,  
And off he crap into the faul;  
Muckle Nanny cried 'Shem o' sec weastry!'  
The ladle she brak owre ill Bell;  
Tom Dalton sat thrang in a corner,  
And eat nar the weight of his sel.

A hillibuloo was now started,  
'Twas, 'Rannigal! whee cares for tee?'

‘ Stop, Tommy—whe’s weyfe was i’ th’ carras?  
 ‘ Tou’d ne’er been a man, but for me!’  
 ‘ Od dang thee!’—‘ To jail I cud send thee!’  
 ‘ Peer scraffles!’—‘ Thy lan grows nae gurse!’  
 ‘ Ne’er ak! it’s my awn, and it’s paid for!’  
 ‘ But whea was’t stuil auld Tim Jwohn’ purse?’

Ned Bulman wad feight wi’ Gworge Goffet—  
 Peer Gwordy he nobbet stript thin,  
 And luik’d leyke a cock out o’ fedder,  
 But suin gat a weel-bleaken’d skin;  
 Neist, Sanderson fratch’d wid a hay-stack,  
 And Deavison fuight wi’ the whins;  
 Smith Leytle fell out wi’ the cobbles,  
 And peel’d aw the bark off his shins.

The hay-bay was now somewhat seyded,  
 And young fwok the music men miss’d,  
 They’d drucken leyke fiddlers in common,  
 And fawn owre ayont an aul kist;  
 Some mair fwok that neet were a-missin,  
 Than Wully, and Jonathan Strang—  
 But decency whispers, ‘ What matter!’  
 ‘ Tou munnet put them in the sang.’

Auld Dalton thowt he was at Carel,  
 Says he, ‘ Jacob: see what’s to pay;  
 ‘ Come, wosler! heaste—get out the horses,  
 ‘ We’ll e’en teake the rwoad, and away.’  
 He cowp’d off his stuil leyke a san bag,  
 Tom Ridley beel’d out, ‘ De’il may care!’  
 For a whart o’ het yell, and a stick in’t,  
 Dick Simson ’ll tell ye far mair.

Come, bumper the Cumberlan lasses,  
 Their marrows can seldom be seen;

And he that won't feight to defend them,  
 I wish he may ne'er want black een.  
 May our murry-neets, clay-daubins, races,  
 And weddins, aye finish wi' glee ;  
 And when ought's amang us worth nwotish,  
 Lang may I be present to see.

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### THE BEGGAR AND KEATIE.

TUNE—" *O'er the muir amang the heather.*"

KEATIE.

WHEE's rap rappin at the duir,  
 Now when our aul fwok are sleepin ?  
 Thou'll git nowt here if thou's puir—  
 Owre the hills thou'd best be creepin !  
 When sec flaysome fuils we see,  
 Decent fwok may start and shudder ;  
 I'll nit move the duir to thee—  
 Vagrant-leyke, thou's nowt but bodder !

BEGGAR.

Oh ! guid lassie, let me in !  
 I've nae money, meat, or cleedin—  
 Starv't wi' this caul angry win ;  
 Aul an' helpless—deeth ay dreedin !  
 Let me lig in barn or byre ;  
 Ae brown crust will pruve a dainty ;  
 Dui, sweet lass ! what I desire,  
 If thou whop'st for peace and plenty !

KEATIE.

Beggars yen may weel despise—  
 To the sweyne-hull hie an' swat thee,  
 Rap nae mair if thou be wise—  
 Here's a dog wad fain be at thee :

Sec leyke hawf-wits, far and weyde,  
 Beggin breed, and meal, and money,  
 Some may help, to shew their preyde—  
 I'll ne'er lift mey han to onie!

## BEGGAR.

Move the duir to sec as me;  
 Lift thy han to fwok when starvin;  
 Meynd, er lang, thou peer may be;  
 Pity beggars, when desarvin.  
 Nobbet lissen to the storm,  
 Think how monie now mun suffer!  
 Let me in thur limbs to warm,  
 And wi' preyde, due thanks I'll offer!

## KEATIE.

I've a sweetheart; sud he caw,  
 Monstrous vex'd I'd be to see him;  
 He helps beggars, yen and aw,  
 Leyke a fuil; nae guid 'twill dee him!  
 He hes gear; I'll ne'er be peer—  
 Say nowt mair, or Snap sal beyte thee;  
 Noisy sumph! what, our fwok hear  
 Thy crazy voice—Be off! od wheyte thee!

## BEGGAR.

Keate, it's tyme to change mey voice—  
 Heartless wretch, they weel may caw thee;  
 Fain I meade thee aye mey choice,  
 Sin' the hour when furst I saw thee:  
 Lang thy sweetheart I ha'e been;  
 Thowt thee gude, an' lish, an' cliver—  
 Ne'er will I wi' thee be seen,  
 Come what will!—Fareweel for ever!

## THE HAPPY COUPLE.

TUNE—" *Ettrick Banks.*"

COME, Mary, let's up Eden seyde,  
An' chat the ebenin hours away ;  
Tho' hard we toil, leyke millions mair,  
Industrious fwok sud aye be gay ;—  
Far frae the slanderous noisy town,  
It's sweet the murmurin streams to hear,  
An' share the joys o' peace an' luive,  
Wheyle some buy plishure far owre dear.

Just mark that peer bit freetent hare,  
Now neet draws on, frae heame she'll steal ;  
The weyld burds sweet, in deyke or wood,  
Now bid the sinkin sun fareweel ;  
They joyfu' sing the sang ov thenks,  
On rock, on meadow, bush, or tree ;  
Nor try their partners to deceive—  
O, that ilk mortal sae wad be !

That savage hawk, owre hill an' glen,  
Seeks some weak warbler to destroy ;  
True emblem o' the tyrant, man,  
To crush the peer oft gi'es him joy :  
The burds rejoice, an' ha'e their toil,  
Unshelter'd, blithe the blasts they beyde ;  
Wheyle oft, wi' plenty, man compleens,  
Snug, seated by his awn fire-seyde.

Our sons come runnin, Dick and Ned,  
Twae feyner niver went to schuil ;  
I'd suiner see them coffin'd low,  
Than owther turn a fop or fuil.

The maister says Dick's fit for kurk ;  
 And Ned in law peer fwok may seave :  
 What, judge and bishop they may sit,  
 When thee an' me lig i' the greave.  
 Ay, Mary ! nowt e'er hurts mey meynd,  
 But when I 'cross the kurk-garth gang,  
 I think I see our aul fwok still,  
 For nowther wad dui onie wrang !  
 A helpless orphan tou was left,  
 An' fadder, mudder, scarce e'er saw ;  
 Beath lost at sea——Nay, dunnet cry ;  
 A better warl let's whop they know.  
 Sweet bloom'd aw roun, that summer mworn,  
 I carv'd our neames, now pleas'd we see ;  
 Leyke us the tree was in its preyme,  
 But now it withers, sae mun we !  
 Sworn foes to streyfe, the joys of leyfe  
 We've shar'd sin' furst I meade thee meyne ;  
 Reet cheerfu' still, we'll bear ilk ill,  
 But come what will, let's ne'er repeyne !

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## CAREL FAIR.

TUNE—"Woo'd and married and a'."

My neame's Jurry Jurden, frae Threlket ;  
 Just swat down, and lissen my sang ;  
 I'll mappen affword some divarsion,  
 And tell ye how monie things gang.  
 Crops o' aw maks are gud ; tateys lang as lap-  
 ens, and dry as meal. Teymes are sae sae ; for  
 e thin-chop'd, hawf-neak'd trimlin beggars flock  
 our house, leyke bees tot' hive : and our Cwoley

bit sae monie, I just tuck'd him i' th' worche  
 Mudder boils tem a knop o' Lunnen Duns, ive  
 dey; and fadder gies tem t' barn to lig in. If on  
 be yebel to work, wey he pays tem reet weel. Fwe  
 sud aw dui as they'd be duin tui; an' it's naturab  
 to beg, rader nor starve or steal; efter aw the rattl

Some threep, et the teymes 'll git better;

And laugh to see onie repeyne:

I's nae pollytishin, that's sarten,

But England seems in a declyne!

I ruise afwore three, tudder mwornin,

And went owre to see Carel Fair;

I'd heard monie teales o' thur dandies—

Odswinge! how they mek the fwok stare!

Thur flay-crows wear lasses stays; and buy m  
 Lword Wellinten's buits; cokert, but nit snoun  
 bandet. Mey sartey! sec a laugh I gat, to see  
 tarrier meakin watter on yen o' ther legs! They'  
 seerly mongrels, hawf-monkey breed: shept f  
 awt' warl leyke wasps, smaw i' t' middle. To see  
 them paut pauten about, puts me i' meyn o' our a  
 gander; an' if they meet a bonny lass, they darr  
 turn roun to luik at her. The "Turk's Heed" a  
 "Tir'd Spwortsman" are bonny seynes, but a danc  
 wad be far mair comical; efter aw the rattle!

But, shaff o' sec odd trinkun-trankums!

Thur hawf-witted varmen bang aw:

They'd freeten aul Nick, sud tey meet him—

A dandy's just fit for a show!

I neist tuik a glowr 'mang the boutchers,

An' gleymt at ther lumps o' fat meat;

They've aw maks the gully can dive at—

It meks peer fwok hungry to see't.



"What d'ye buy! what d'ye buy?"—"Wey a, boutcher, wul te be out at our en o't'country, suin? we've a famish bull, nobbet eleeben year aul; twee raid-backt tips, an' a bonny sew." "Nae bull, tips or sweyne for me!"—"Hes te got any coves heeds to sell, boutcher?" "Wa nay, Tommy; but tou hes en atop o' thy shouders! What d'ye buy? what d'ye buy? here's beef fit for a bishop; mutton for markiss; lam for a lword; aw sworts for aw maks; see an' low, yen an' aw: nobbet seebenpence a pun: after aw the rattle!"

Wheyle peer fwok wer starin about tem,  
Up hobbles an' aul chap, an' begs—  
Oh! wad our girt heeds o' the nayshen  
Just set the peer fwok on their legs;

An odd seet I saw, 'twas t'naig market,  
Whoar aw wer as busy as bees;  
Sec lurryan, an' trottin, an' scamprin—  
Lord help tem!—they're meade up o' lees!

"Try a canter, Deavie."—"Whoar gat te t' powny, Tim?"—"Wey at stegshe."—"That's a bluid meer," says aul Breakshe, "she was gittin by shrimp, an' out o' Madam Wagtail; she wan t' king's plate at Donkister, tudder year."—"Wan the deevil!" says yen tull him, "Tou means t' breydle at Kingmuir ain!"—"Here's a naig! nobbet just nwotish his en! he can see through a nine inch waw. Fuils ell o' fortifications; what he hes a breest leyke a rification. Dud ye iver see yen cock sec a tail, widout a peppercworn?" "What dus te ax for em, anny man?"—"Wey he's weel worth twonty pun; but I'll teake hawf."—"Twonty deevils! I'll gi'e hee twonty shillin; efter aw the rattle!"

What aw trades are bad as horse-cowpers;  
 They mek the best bargain they can;  
 Fwok say, its the seame in aw countries—  
 Man leykes to draw kelter frae man!

Neist daunderin down to the Cow Fair,  
 A famish rough rumpus I saw;  
 For Rickergeate lwooses her charter,  
 Sud theer be nae feightin at aw.

Aa! what a hay-bay! 'twas just leyke the battlin  
 o' Watterlew. Men an' women, young an' aul, ran  
 frey aw quarters. Theer was sec shoutin, thrustin  
 pushin, an' squeezin; what they knock'd down staws  
 an' brak shop windows aw to flinders. Thur leed  
 heedet whups dui muckle mischief: a sairy beggar  
 gat a bluidy nwose an' broken teeth i' the fray.  
 Hilltop Tom, an' Low-gill Dick, the twea feightin  
 rapscaillions, wer lugget off by the bealies, to my  
 lword Mayor's offish; an' thrussen into the black  
 whol. I whop they'll lig theer: for it's weel nae  
 leyves wer lost; efter aw the rattle!

Shem o' them! thur peer country hanniels,  
 That slink into Carel to feight!  
 De'il bin them! when free frae hard labour,  
 True plishure sud be their deleyte.

Theer was geapin an' stairin, 'mang aw maks—  
 "Aa! gies ty fist, Ellek! how's tou!"  
 "Wey, aw bais'd, an' bluitert, an' queerish;  
 "We'll tek a drop gud mountain dew."

"Sees te, Ellek, theer'st peer luikin chap, et mek  
 aw t' bits o' Cumberlan ballets!"—"The deevil  
 fye, Jobby, lets off frev him, for fear!"—"Here's  
 yer whillimer; lank an' lean, but cheap an' clean!"

ays yen. "Buy a pair of elegant shun, young gentleman," cries a dandy snob, "they wer meade or Mr. Justice Grunt. Weages are hee, and ledder's gear; but they're nobbet twelve shillin." Then a chap wid a hammer, selt clocks, cubberts, teables, chairs, pots and pans, for nought at aw. What, I sed fadder talkin to t' lawyer, an gowl'd till my een er sair: but nae ill was duin; efter aw the rattle!

Then peer bits o' hawf-broken farmers

In leggins, wer struttin about;

Wer teymes gud, they'd aw become dandies—

We'll ne'er leeve to see that, I doubt!

Sec screapin, and squeeekin, 'mang t' fiddlers;

I crap up the stairs, to be seer;

But suin trottet down by the waiter,

For de'il a bit caprin was theer.

What lads and lasses are far owre proud to dance,  
ow-a-days. I stowtert ahint yen desst out leyke  
gingerbreed queen, an' when I gat a gliff at her,  
hee sud it be but Jenny Muirfhet, my aul sweet-  
heart. I tried to give her a buss, but cuddent  
ouch her muzzel; for she wore yen o' thur meal  
cowp bonnets. She ax'd me to buy her a parryswol;  
we we off to the dandy shop, an' I gat her yen, forby  
ridiculous. Jenny'll hev a mountain o' money;  
an' mey stars, she's a walloper! Aa! just leyke a  
ouse en! As for me, I's nobbet a peer lillyprushen;  
ut she'll be meyne, efter aw the rattle!

Sae we link'd, an' we laugh'd, an' we chatter'd;

Few husseys, leyke Jenny, ye'll see:

O hed we but taen off to Gratena,

Nin wad been sae happy as we!

We went thro' the big kurk, an' cassel ;  
 And neist tuik a rammel thro' t' streets :  
 What, Carel's the pleace for feyne houses,  
 But monie a peer body yen meets ;

Ay ! 'yen in tatters, wi' ae e'e, shoutet, "Here's  
 last speech, confession, and deein words o' Martha  
 Mumps: she was hang't, for committin a reaper  
 on—Hut shap ! I forgit his neame." Anudder  
 tatterdemalion says, "Come buy a full chinse Indy  
 muslin ; nobbet sixpence hawfpenny a yard !" Jenny  
 bowt yen, an' it was rotten as muck. Then there  
 was bits o' things wi' their neddys, and rwoarin  
 upt' lanes, "Bleng-ki-ship cwoals !" And chaps  
 cawin "Watter ! watter !" it mun be that meks't  
 yell sae smaw. Then they sell puzzin for gin ; what  
 it hes sec a grip o' the gob, it's leyke to mek fwok  
 shek their heeds off. They hannel brass an' nwotes,  
 but ther's nee siller i' Carel. Sec cheatin, stealin,  
 wheedlin, leein, rwoarin, swearin, drinkin, feightin,  
 meks Fairs nowt et dow ; efter aw the rattle !

Thro' leyfe we hev aw maks amang us ;  
 Sad changes ilk body mun share :  
 To-day we're just puzzen'd wi' plishure ;  
 To-mworn we're bent double wi' care !

*September 18, 1819.*

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### PEGGY PEN.

THE muin shone breet, the tudder neet ;  
 The kye were milk't, aw wark was duin ;  
 I shav'd mysel, en cwom't my hair,  
 Threw off the clogs, put on greas'd shoon ;  
 The clock strack eight, as out I stule ;  
 The rwode I tuik, reet weel I ken ;

An' crost the watter, clam the hill,  
I' whops to meet wi' Peggy Pen.  
When i' the wood, I hard some talk ;  
They cuttert on, but varra low ;  
I hid mysel ahint a yek,  
An' Peggy wid a chap suin saw :  
He smakt her lips, she criet, "give owre !  
We lasses aw er pleaguet wi' men,"  
I trimlin stuin, but dursent speak ;  
Tho' fain wad coddelt Peggy Pen !  
He cawt her Marget, sometimes Miss ;  
He spak queyte feyne, an' kiss'd her han ;  
He braggt ov aw his fadder hed—  
I seeght ; for we've na house or lan :  
Said he, "My dear, I've watch'd you oft,  
And seen you link through wood and glen,  
With one George Moor, a rustic poor,  
Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Pen !"  
She drew her han, and turn'd her roun ;  
"Let's hae nae mair sec tawk," says she ;  
"Tho' Gwordie Muir be nobbet puir,  
He's dearer nor a prince to me !  
Mey fadder scauls, mworn, nuin, and neet ;  
Mey mudder fratches sair, what then ?  
Aw this warl's gear cud niver buy  
Frae Gworge, the luive o' Peggy Pen."  
"O Miss !" says he, "forget such fools ;  
Nor heed the awkward stupid clown ;  
If such a creetcher spoke to me,  
I'd quickly knock the booby down !"  
"Come on !" says I, "thy strength e'en try ;  
An head owre heels sec chaps I'd sen ;  
Lug off thy cwoat ; I'll feight aw neet,  
Wi' three, leyke thee, for Peggy Pen !"

Now off he flew; my airms I threw  
 About her weast; away we went;  
 I ax'd her, if she durst be meyne;  
 She squeez'd my han, an' gev consent:  
 We tawkt and jwokt, as lovers sud:  
 We partet at their awn byre en;  
 And ere anudder month be owre,  
 She'll change, to Muir, frae Peggy Pen!

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### THE AUL HOLLOW TREE.

TUNE—"Come under my plaidie."

WHEN heame I ay wander, and see the sun settin,  
 Queyte free frae hard labour an' care, till the  
 mworn,  
 My thoughts turn to yen that nin roun e'er saw frettin,  
 A bonnier, a better, nay, ne'er yet was bworn.  
 Tho' I's a peer sarvant, an' money's wheyles scanty,  
 An' maister's tarn'd temper some daily wad dree;  
 At ebenin, tho' weary,  
 My heart's ay queyte cheery,  
 When Peggy I meet nar the aul hollow tree.

When twee bits o' bairns, theer we offen sat laikin,  
 An' wheyles wer fworc'd in by weyl win or the  
 rain;  
 Now luikin owre picters, now seevy caps meakin,  
 Or sharin an apple, that ay meade us fain.  
 We'd lissin the blackburd, lark, throssle, or lennet,  
 And hares playin nar us, in summer we'd see;  
 Lambs merry wad wander,  
 Its brenches anunder;  
 But few now will nwotish an aul hollow tree.

How happy the days, when our teens we've just  
enter'd,

And luive gies a glance frae the lass we haud dear;  
But, O, when yen's driven frae the heart's dearest  
treasure,

In fancy, we'll gaze on her oft wid a tear:  
Content hails the mwornin, and joy the day elwoses,  
When evenin to lovers true comfort can gie;  
When nature's seen smeylin,  
An' dull cares begueylin,  
An' teyme's spent in peace nar the aul hollow tree.

Mey cruikt cankert maister, queyte greedy, hawf  
crazy,

Oft cowshens his niece aw peer fellows to shun;  
An' Peggy, wi' smeyles, ne'er an uncle yence crosses,  
Nor e'er can by wealth, preyde, or flattery be  
won.

I've wheyles thought o' leavin the snarlin aul body,  
To hunt out some other, wheas heart's fou o' glee;  
Luive whispers, "O, bear aw!  
Ay cheer aw, nor fear aw;  
Just think o' past teymes nar the aul hollow tree."

At dances she's courted by chaps thrang about her,  
But ne'er yence was seen to gie onie a frown;  
To win her wi' feynery, the squire oft hes sowl her,  
An' sent owre a silk shawl an' gran satin gown;  
She'd laugh at the thowt, an' the seame hour return  
them,  
'Then bid him nit whope a squire's mistress she'd  
be;

Far titter than wear them,  
She'd burn them or tear them,—  
At neet I hard aw nar the aul hollow tree.

Whene'er the sky's cawm, and the muin wheyte as  
siller,

And partridges caw the lost partners to meet,  
We steal out thegither, and leave the crabb'd uncle—  
He snwores on the saddle, ay neet efter neet ;  
Wi' yage he's bent double, an' row'd up in trouble,  
But dreams nit sweet Peggy her heart hes gien  
me ;

Till kindred may loss him,  
We'll ne'er wish to cross him,  
But spen hours o' luive at the aul hollow tree.

When laid i' the greave, nar his decent deame Jenny,  
Of aw neybons roun him, but few will repeyne ;  
Sud mey favourite, Peggy, be left nit ae penny,  
Ere threyce the muin changes I whop she'll be  
meyne,

If peer, or if wealthy, ay merry when healthy,  
We'll pray that aw countries for iver may 'gree ;  
We'll comfort ilk other,  
But brethren ne'er bother,  
An' think o' days geane nar the aul hollow tree.

What trees er leyke mortals—yeks strang, an' wide  
spreedin,

Wake willows to every leeght breeze will ay bow ;  
Girt cedars, leyke breers that men cattle keep treedin,  
Are nourisht aleyke, yen an' aw, the warl thro' ;  
On yerth, seame as bairins, for a wheyle they're  
seen creepin,

Oft robb'd of a brench—pity sae it sud be !  
Some grow up thegether,  
In youth monie wither—  
A teype o' frail man is the aul hollow tree !



## THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

TUNE,—*By the Author.*

Now clwos'd for aye thy cwoal-black een,  
That lang, lang gaz'd on me!—Oh! Wully!  
An' leyfeless lies that manly form,  
I aye was fain to see; my Wully!  
Ah! luckless hour, thou struive for heame,  
Last neet, 'cross Eden weyde!—Dear Wully!  
This mworn a stiffen'd corpse brong in;—  
It's warse than deeth to beyde!—Oh! Wully!

The owlet hootet sair yestreen,  
An' threyce the suit it fell!—Oh! Wully!  
The teyke com leate, an' bark'd aloud;  
It seem'd the deein knell o' Wully:  
Deep wer the snows, keen, keen my woes;  
The bairns oft cried for thee, their Wully:  
I trimlin said, "He'll suin be here"—  
They ne'er yence clwos'd an e'e—Oh! Wully!

An' when I saw the thick sleet faw,  
A bleezin fire I meade for Wully;  
An' watch'd, an' watch'd, as it grew dark,  
An' I grew mair afraid for Wully:  
I thowt I heard the powney's feet,  
An' ran, the voice to hear o' Wully;  
The win' blew hollow, but nae sound  
My sinkin heart did cheer—Oh! Wully!

The clock struck yen, the clock struck twee,  
The clock struck three, at four, nae Wully;  
I heard, wi' joy, the powney's feet,  
An' thowt my cares were owre for Wully:  
The powney neigh'd, but thou was lost;  
I sank upon the ground, for Wully;

Suin, where I lay, appear'd thy ghost,  
 An' whisper'd, thou wert drown'd—Oh! Wully!

The muin was up, in vain I sowt

The stiffen'd corpse o' theyne, lost Wully!

'Twill suin, suin mingle wi' the dust,

An' nar it, sae wull meyne—Oh! Wully!

Gang, dry your tears, my bairns five!

Gang, dry your tears o' sorrow, dearies!

Your fadder's cares are at an en,

An' sae may ours, to-morrow, dearies!

### THE LASSES OF CAREL.

THE lasses o' Carel are weel-shep'd, and bonny,

But he that wad win yen mun brag of his gear;

You may follow, and follow, till heart-sick and  
 weary,

To get them needs siller, and feyne claes to wear:

They'll catch at a reed cwoat, leyke as monie mackrel,

And jump at a fop, or e'en lissen a fuil;

Just brag of an uncle, that's got heaps of money,

And de'il a bit odds, if you've ne'er been at schuil!

I yence follow'd Marget, the twoast amang aw maks,

And Peg hed a red cheek, and bonny dark e'e;

But suin as she fan I depended on labour,

She snurl'd up her neb, and nae mair luik'd at me:

This meks my words gud, nobbet brag o' yer uncle,

And get a peer hawf-wit to trumpet yer praise,

You may catch whee you will, they'll caress ye, and  
 bless ye—

It's money, nit merit, they seek now-a-days!

I neist follow'd Nelly, and thowt her an angel,

And she thowt me aw that a mortal sud be;

A rich whupper-snapper just stept in atween us,  
Nae words efter that pass'd atween Nell and me:  
This meks my words gud, nobbet brag o' yer uncle,  
They'll feight, ay leyke mad cats, to win yer sly  
smeyle;  
And watch ye, to catch ye, now gazin' and praisin',  
They're angels to luik at, wi' hearts full o' geyle!

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## THE ILL-GIEN WEYFE,

TUNE—" *My wife has ta'en the gee.*"

A TOILSOME leyfe, for thurty years,  
I patiently hev spent,  
As onie yen o' onie rank,  
I' this weyde warl e'er kent;  
For when at heame, or when away,  
Nae peace ther is for me;  
I's pestert wid an *ill-gien weyfe*,  
That niver lets me be:  
Aye teazin, ne'er ceasin,  
Leyke an angry sea;  
Nea kurk-bell e'er hed sec a tongue,  
And oft it deefens me!

When furst I saw her mealy feace,  
'Twas painted up sae feyne,  
I thowt her e'en fit for a queen—  
She wan this heart o' meyne;  
But sin' that hour, that sworry hour,  
We ne'er cud yence agree;  
And oft I curse the luckless day  
I pawn'd my liberty:  
Care an' sorrow, then to-morrow  
Aye the seame mun be;

Oh! had I coffin'd been, that day  
I lost my liberty!

When young, I wish'd for weyfe and weans,  
But now the thowt I scworn;

Thank Heav'n, a bairn o' owther sex  
To me she ne'er has bworn!

Leyke fuils we wish our youth away,  
When happy we mud be—

Aw ye whee're plagued wi' scauldin weyves,  
I wish ye suin set free!

Grin, grinnin!—din, dinnin!  
Toil and misery!

Better feed the kurk-yard wurms,  
Than leeve sec slaves as we!

I's past aw wark, it's hard to want,  
And auld and peer am I;

But happiness i' this veyle warl,  
Nae gear cud iver buy:

O were I on some owre sea land,  
Nae women nar to see,

At preyde an' grandeur I wad smeyle,  
An' thanks to Heav'n wad gie:

O woman! foe to man!  
A blessin thou sud be;

But wae to him that wears thy chain,  
Peer wretch unblest leyke me!

When wintry blasts blow loud an' keen,  
I's fain to slink frae heame;

An' rader feace the angry storm,  
Than hur I hate to neame:

Wheyle she wi' sland'rous cronies met,  
Sit's hatchin monie a lee;

The seet wad flay auld Nick away,  
Or vex a saint to see.

Puff, puffin!—snuff, snuffin!

Ne'er frae mischief free;  
How waak is lwordly boastin man,  
On sec to cast an e'e!

If to a neybor's house I steal,  
To crack a wheyle at neet,  
She hurries ti' me leyke a de'il,

An' flays the fwok to see't;  
Whate'er I dui, whate'er I say,  
Wi' hur a faut mun be;

I fret an' fret baith neet an' day,  
But seldom clwose an e'e:

Wake, wakin!—shake, shakin!

Then she teks the gee;  
He's happy that leeves aw his leane,  
Compar'd wi' chaps leyke me.

To stop the niver-ceasin storm,  
I brong her cousin here;  
She aw but brak the wee thing's heart,  
An' cost her monie a tear:

If chance a frien pops in his head,  
Off to the duir she'll flee;

She snarls leyke onie angry cat,  
An' sair I's vex'd to see!

Now fratchin, neist scratchin,  
Oft wi' bleaken'd e'e,

I pray auld Nick hed sec a deame,  
I trow he vex'd wad be!

How blithe man meets the keenest ills,  
I' this shwort voyage o' leyfe,  
And thinks nae palace leyke his heame,  
Blest wid a keyndly weyfe:

But sure the greatest curse hard fate  
To onie man can gie,

Is sec a filthy slut as meyne,  
That ne'er yence comforts me ;  
Lads jeerin, lasses sneerin,  
Cuckold some caw me ;  
I scrat an auld grey achin pow,  
But darn't say they lee.

They're happy that hev teydey weyves,  
To keep peer bodies clean ;  
But meyne's a fretfu' lump o' filth,  
Her marra ne'er was seen :  
Ilk dud she wears upon her back,  
Is poison to the e'e ;  
Her smock's leyke aul Nick's nuttin bag,  
The de'il a word I lee :  
Dour an' durty—house aw clarty !  
See her set at tea,  
Her feace defies baith seape an san,  
To mek't just fit to see !

A beyte o' meat I munnet eat,  
Seave what I cuik mysel ;  
Ae patch or clout she'll nit stick on,  
Sae heame's just leyke a hell :  
By day or neet, if out o' seet,  
Seafe frae this canker'd she,  
I pray and pray, wi' aw my heart,  
Deeth, suin tek hur or me !  
Fleyte, fleytin !—feight, feightin !  
How her luik I dree !  
Come tyrant rid me o' this curse,  
Dui tek her ! I'll thank thee !



## THE DAYS THAT ARE GEANE.

TUNE—" *The muckin' o' Geordie's byre.*"

Now, weyfe, sin' the day-leet hes left us,  
And drizzly sleet's 'ginnin to fa',  
Let's creep owre the heartsome turf ingle,  
And laugh the weyld winter awa';  
Contented, thou spins the lang e'enin',  
And I wi' my peype envy neane;  
Then why shou'd we peyne about riches—  
Let's think o' the days that are geane.

This crazy auld chair, when I think on't,  
Nae wonder a tear blins my e'e;  
'Twas e'en my puir fadder's, God rest him;  
He valued this warl nit a flea:  
His maxim was, be guid, and dui guid!  
To mortal he wadna gie pain—  
My chair's mair than gilded throne to me,  
It propp'd the leal fellow that's geane.

Thy wheel that's gien cleedin' to monie,  
O' mortals aye puts me i' meynd;  
The spoke now at top, is suin lowest,  
And thus it oft fares wi' mankeynd:  
The clock, clickin', tells how Teyme passes,  
A moment he'll tarry for neane;  
Contented we'll welcome to-morrow,  
Aye thankfu' for days that are geane.

Now fifty shwort years hae flown owre us,  
Sin' furst we fell in at the fair;  
I've monie a teyme thowt, wi' new pleasure,  
Nae weyfe cud wi' Jenny compare:  
Tho' thy rrose has gien way to the wrinkle,  
At changes we munna complain;

They're rich, whea in age are leet-hearted,  
And mourn nit for days that are geane.

Our bairns are heale, hearty, and honest,  
And willinly toil thro' the year;  
Our duty we aye hae duin ti' them,  
And poverty e'en let them bear:  
Theer's Jenny hes larnin', and manners,  
And Wully can match onie yen;  
We tought tem my guid fadder's maxim,  
And they'll bliss the auld fwok, when geane.

Theer's ae thing I lang, lang ha'e pray'd for,  
Sud tyrant Deeth tear thee away,  
And rob me o' life's dearest treasure,  
May he gie me a caw the seame day!  
If fworc'd to resign my auld lassie,  
I cuddent lang linger my leane;  
I'd creep to thy greave, broken-hearted  
Wi' thowts o' the days that are geane.

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### ROB LOWRIE.

TUNE—"Auld Rob Morris."

I've seen thirty Summers strow flow'rs i' the gle  
But anudder blithe Summer I'll ne'er see again!  
I've hed monie wooers, frae clown to the beau,  
But I've lost Rob Lowrie, the flow'r o' them aw

The furst was Joe Coupland, when I was fifteen  
The neist was Wull Wawby, and then com G  
Green;

An' Jwohn o' Kurkan'rews, and Sly Dicky Slee,  
But bonny Rob Lowrie was dearest to me!



Tw'as last Durdar reaces, he rid the black cowl,  
 And widout onie whuppin, he bang't tem leyke owt;  
 And then when they russel'd, the lads how he felt!  
 And off heame we canter't, wi' breyde and belt.

At neets when we daunder't alang Cauda seyde,  
 He'd promise, and promise to mek me his breyde;  
 An' then our twee neames he wad carve on the  
 steyle—

Lord help the peer lasses men seek to beguile!

I luik owre the pasture—nae Rob's to be seen!  
 Then sit down, heart-broken, an' tears blin my een:  
 My mudder she fratches, frae mwornin till neet,  
 And lasses keep flyrin', wheniver we meet.

When singin', Rob Lowrie was aye i' my sang;  
 Now thoughts o' Rob Lowrie ha'e turn'd me quite  
 wrang;

He's weel-shep'd, an' lusty, he stans six feet twee;  
 Theer's health in his fair feace, and luive in his e'e!

But whee's this comes whuslin', sae sweet, owre the  
 hill?

He brings me a pwosey—It's e'en Gwordie Gill!  
 He's lish, an' he's canny, wi' reed curly hair—  
 The De'il tek Rob Lowrie! I'll heed him nae mair!

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### MARY.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Bamf."

I've known my share o' warldly care,  
 And poverty is aye my lot;  
 But, Mary, when on thee I gaze,  
 Dull care and puirtith are forgot:

Thou art the sweet'ner o' my life ;  
Thou art Golconda's wealth to me ;  
And by thy bōsom, pure as white,  
I'll love thee, Mary, till I dee !

O, were we on some desert Isle,  
Where human foot ne'er trode before,  
My arms shou'd be thy couch a' day,  
And I wou'd gaze, and love thee more !  
I'd shield thee frae ilk angry blast,  
Thou dearest gem on earth to me !  
For by thy speaking een, I swear,  
To love thee, Mary, till I dee !

The lavrock hails the rising morn ;  
The gowdspink lo'es the thorny spray ;  
The cushat coos within the wood ;  
The plover seeks the pasture grey :  
I envy these what these enjoy,  
But hope ne'er wares a smile on me ;  
I hug the chain that gies me pain,  
For I maun love thee, till I dee !

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END OF THE BALLADS.

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## NOTES.

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NOTE 1, P. 17.—*Let's go to Rosley fair.*

These fairs are holden on an extensive tract of common, called Rosley-hill. They commence on Whit-Monday, and continue once a fortnight till Michaelmas. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of them by description.—One part of the hill is covered with horses and black cattle, with dealers, drovers, and jockeys; who, if the day be windy and sultry, are involved in a hurricane of dust, almost as violent in its duration as that which sweeps the arid deserts of Africa: another part is overspread with the booths of mercers, milliners, hardwaremen, and bread-bakers. Here you see the mountebank, hawker, and auctioneer, addressing the gaping crowd from a wooden platform; and there you hear the discordant strains of the ballad-singer, the music of the bagpipe and the violin, of the fife, and the “spirit-stirring drum.”

Tents of innkeepers, crowded with bottles and barrels, are interspersed in every part of the festal ground, but particularly in the vicinity of the horse fair, where the heat and dust of the day occasion a more than usual thirst; and, much to the honour of these *knights of the cork and spigot*, the malt and spirituous liquors which they retail to their thirsty customers, are so judiciously diluted with water, that they operate with all the innocence of simple diuretics; so that it is not uncommon to see a company of hale farmers, after having exhausted all the casks and bottles in these *moving cellars*, returning to their own houses with all the sobriety and gravity in which they left them in the morning.

Of these fairs, which are prolonged till they dwindle into insignificance, the second is particularly noted for a fine assemblage of Cumbrian lasses, who, in different parties, parade the hill, in all the artless simplicity of rural beauty, till some rustic admirer displays his gallantry and his love, by escorting a select number of them to some neighbouring tent, and treating them with cake and punch, and the music of the bagpipe and fiddle.—When these acknowledgments have been paid to their beauty, they return to the field to attack and to conquer; for to a girl, who has received from Nature her share of beauty, the whole day is distinguished by a succession of triumphs. The cakes, ribbons, and handkerchiefs, (the tributes of rural gallantry), are, on their return home, carefully deposited, as so many illustrious trophies of their victories.

At these fairs are sold a species of cheese called *Whillymer*, or, as some whimsically style it, *Rosley Cheshire*. It is as remarkable for its poverty as that of Stilton is for its richness; and its surface is so hard, that it frequently bids defiance to the keenest edge of a *Cumbrian gully*, and its interior substance so very tough, that it affords rather occupation to the teeth of a rustic than nourishment to his body, making his hour of repast (to use the expression of an ingenious friend) the severest part of his day's labour.

About noon the boundaries of the fair are perambulated, or, as it is provincially called, "*ridden*,"—which exhibits a spectacle "sufficient" (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "to awaken the most torpid risibility." A number of lairds, farmers, tradesmen, and mechanics, mount their horses, and, in a slow and solemn pace, wind round the circuit of the hill,

accompanied by a train of venerable fiddlers, many of whom have been the tormentors of cat-gut for almost half a century.—These minstrels, who, during the rest of the year, travel on foot from village to village, giving music in return for oats or barley, are on these occasions, by the favour of their friends, mounted on horseback, and provided with better clothes.

NOTE 2. P. 19.—*I went my ways down to Carel fair.*

Carlisle fair, or, as it is called by the country people, Carel fair, is holden on the 26th of August, and is so noted for the number and variety of its amusements and choice of commodities, that there is hardly a villager within the circuit of ten miles who does not attend it, except perhaps two or three unhappy swains and nymphs, whom the authority of a morose parent, or a churlish master or mistress, confines at home.

A Cumberland lad, when he meets his sweetheart at a fair, whether by appointment or accident, throws his arms round her waist in all the raptures of love, conducts her to a dancing room, places her beside him on a bench, and treats her liberally with cake and punch. When a vacancy happens on the floor, he leads her out to dance a jig or a reel. If her choice be a reel, another partner being necessary, he makes a bow to some other girl in the company, and at the end of the dance he salutes each of his fair partners with a cordial kiss, if its cordiality can be ascertained by the loudness of its sound; for a plain, honest rustic, impresses his kisses with such vehemence on the roseate lips of his fair one, that they have been compared by BURNS to the crack of a waggoner's whip; and, with equal happiness,

by the author of the preceding Ballads, to the sound of the latch of a gate.

At the close of the day, a Cumberland rustic would think himself deficient in common gallantry, if he omitted to escort his sweetheart to her own house,—a favour that she always repays by a more than usual portion of smiles on his next visit.

NOTE 3, P. 20.

*When aw t' auld fwok were liggin asleep.*

A Cumbrian peasant pays his addresses to his sweetheart during the silence and solemnity of midnight, when every bosom is at rest, except that of love and sorrow. Anticipating her kindness, he will travel ten or twelve miles, over hills, bogs, moors, and mosses, undiscouraged by the length of the road, the darkness of the night, or the intemperature of the weather—On reaching her habitation, he gives a gentle tap at the window of her chamber, at which signal she immediately rises, dresses herself, and proceeds with all possible silence to the door, which she gently opens, lest a creaking hinge, or a barking dog, should awaken the family.

On his entrance into the kitchen, the luxuries of a Cumbrian cottage—cream and sugared curds—are placed before him by the fair hand of his sweetheart. Next the courtship commences, previously to which the fire is darkened or extinguished, lest its light should guide to the window some idle or licentious eye. In this dark and uncomfortable situation, (at least uncomfortable to all but lovers) they remain till the advance of day, depositing in each other's bosoms the secrets of love, and making vows of unalterable affection.

Though I am so far partial to my fair countrywomen, that in some instances I respect their very prejudices, I cannot conclude this note without representing to them the danger and impropriety of admitting their lovers during those hours of the night, which virtue and innocence have appropriated to repose. Nothing more encourages unbecoming familiarities, nothing more promotes dissolute manners, nothing more endangers female chastity, nothing more facilitates the designs of the seducer, than these *night-courtships*.

A custom that leads to such serious consequences, however general it may be, or whatever antiquity it may claim, cannot be too soon abolished; and I am so much convinced of the good sense and purity of mind of the Cumbrian fair, that I am confident, as soon as they reflect on the guilt and misery to which it so often leads, their virtue will take alarm, and they will see the danger of admitting the visits of their lovers in improper situations and at improper times.

NOTE 4, P. 21.—*I got aw the news, far and nar.*

Amidst the laborious duties which his condition of life imposes upon him, a Cumbrian peasant finds leisure and opportunities for collecting and disseminating village news. His intelligence is gathered in different quarters, but generally at the mill, while his batch of corn is grinding; or at the smithy, while his clogs are receiving their customary load of iron.

When he has completed his collection, he travels with all the expedition of a courier, from village to village, from house to house, gratifying every inquisitive mind, and attracting every vacant ear.

He is the "historian of his native plain," and gives an accurate relation of a wrestling or a boxing match, discriminating the respective merits of the combatants, and pointing out the causes that led to victory or defeat. If his own actions be the subject of his conversation, he becomes more than usually eloquent, elevating his tone and diction agreeably to the precept of Sallust: "*dictis exæquanda sunt facta*," great actions demand a corresponding grandeur of style. To discover the extent of his political knowledge to the public, he assembles a group of his neighbours round his evening fire, or, after the fatigues of the day are finished, goes to the ale-house,

"Where village statesmen talk with looks profound,  
"And news much older than their ale go round."

GOLDSMITH.

NOTE 5, P. 22.—*A boggle's been seen, &c.*

The fault of the present age is not that it believes too much, but that it believes too little. Its ILLUMINATI have ejected from their creeds not only the fables of giants, fairies, and necromancers, but the truths of revelation and the facts of sacred history. They wish to reform our politics, our philosophy, and our manners, and yet would take away that religion, to which we are indebted for our public and domestic happiness.

Were a missionary from this new school to visit those sequestered parts of Cumberland, where the superstitions of our ancestors are preserved in all their purity, what stubborn tenets would he have to contend with! What shades of mental darkness would his philosophy have to penetrate! In almost every cottage he would see the Bible, and the his-



tories of giants, fairies, witches, and apparitions, occupying the same shelf, and equally sharing the belief and engaging the attention of their rustic readers. The effects, indeed, of these sacred and fabulous records are different: the one shedding over the mind a pleasing serenity; the other, a sombre melancholy.

In the days of antiquity, the houses, woods, and rivers of Greece and Rome were frequented by Lares, Fauns, Dryads, and Naiads—all of them cheerful in their nature, and friendly to man. The GRACES and the LOVES sported on their plains, and on their mountains the MUSES strung their harps. But the GENII that haunt the romantic valleys, the hills, woods, and rivers of Cumberland, are so mischievous and malevolent in their disposition, so terrific in their aspect, and hostile to the human race, that a person would be thought very regardless of his safety, were he to entrust himself at any late hour of the night in the neighbourhood of their haunts. Though of an ærial nature, these beings often assume, during their nocturnal rambles on our earth, a corporeal form, that the gross optic nerves of poor mortals might be able to take their size, form, and aspect. They are generally taciturn; but when they do break silence, their unearthly cries “make night hideous.”—The benighted peasant no sooner hears them than he discovers the imminence of his danger, and hastens home with precipitated steps, his hair standing on end, “like quills upon the fretful porcupine.” It sometimes happens that, in the rapidity of his flight, he is under the necessity of leaving his *clogs* in the mire, in order to save (what is certainly of greater consequence to a breathing mortal) his carcass.

NOTE 6, P. 23.—*O, sec a weddin I've been at.*

The day of marriage is in all countries a day of festivity; because the married state is supposed to bring an addition to our domestic happiness, perhaps greater than a cynical old bachelor will allow.

Among the plebeians of Cumberland the whole day glides away amidst music, dancing, and noisy revelry. Early in the morning, the bridegroom, attended by a select party of his friends, and mounted on horseback, proceeds to the house of the bride, where they breakfast. As soon as this repast is finished, the bride makes a silent retreat, and arranges every ringlet. After she has paid this attention to her person, she joins the nuptial party, who proceed in a regular cavalcade towards the church, accompanied by a fiddler, who plays a succession of tunes correspondent to the festivity of the occasion, till they reach holy ground. As soon as the connubial knot is tied, the company proceed to some neighbouring ale-house, where many a flowing bumper of home-brewed ale is quaffed to the health of the married couple. Animated with earthly nectar, they gallop full speed towards the bride's habitation, where a handkerchief is presented to the person who shall first reach the house. When the dinner, which consists generally of beef, bacon, pies, and puddings, is placed upon the board, every individual in the party carves for himself, and loads his trencher with a mess of provisions, which many men, in these degenerate days, would consider a sufficient burden for the back. After dinner the spirits of the company receive an additional elevation from copious potations of ale and whisky, from the music of the village-minstrel, from the song and the dances. The

effects of the liquor soon discover themselves in the clamorous tongue and roseate phiz of every rustic, which resembles a rising moon in all her glory.

In the evening a general pugilistic contest (the common consequence of intemperate cups) usually commences, presenting a scene worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth.

About midnight, or as soon as peace is established among the belligerent parties, the bride retires to her bed-chamber, and, while she undresses herself, delivers a stocking to one of her female attendants, who throws it among the company, and the person upon whom it alights, will, it is supposed, be next married.

Some of the Cumbrians, particularly those who are in poor circumstances, have, on their entrance into the married state, what is called A BIDDEN OR BIDDING WEDDING. To be invited on such an occasion is regarded as a mark of respect, particularly by the females; for in that at Codbeck, it is said that "some lasses thought lang to the wedding," and two score and seven were invited. See page 139. When the guests are assembled, a pecuniary collection is made among them for the purpose of setting the wedded pair forward in the world. In the Ballads, the bride is described as casting up her accounts in the lap of her bride-maid, page 26. And when one of the guests is made welcome, supposing he did not contribute any thing, the wife complains,

"That will nowther pay brewer,  
Nor get bits o' sarks to yen's back."—P. 141.

The wedding is always accompanied with music and dancing; and the fiddler, when the contributions begin, takes care to remind the assembly of their

duties, by notes imitative of the following couplet :—

“Come, my friends, and freely offer,  
Here’s the bride who has no tocher.”

A BRIDEWAIN or INFAIR is also a festive meeting called together for the same purpose, and is held at the house of the bridegroom, when the bride and her furniture are brought home in a *wain* or waggon, and, from this circumstance, called the BRIDE-WAIN. The inhabitants, for several miles round, are invited to it, and various diversions are exhibited for their entertainment. A plate or dish is placed upon a table, and every one of the company contributes according to inclination and circumstances. The contributions sometimes amount to a considerable sum, enabling a young couple to begin the world with advantage, and are also a convincing testimony of the high estimation in which they are held by their neighbours.

NOTE 7, P. 23.—*De’il bin !*

A common mode of swearing among the Cumberland clowns.—It is certainly a testimony of the refined manners, if not of the improved morals of the age, that oaths are banished from all polite circles, and are only to be found among the dregs of the commonalty.

NOTE 8, P. 28.

*I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday.*

The first Monday before Lent is provincially called *Collop-Monday*; and the first Tuesday, *Pancake-Tuesday*;—because on these two days collops and pancakes form the chief repast of the country people;—a custom derived from our ancestors, who gave

full indulgence to their appetites a day or two before the arrival of that long and meagre season—the Quadragesimal Fast.

NOTE 9, P. 23.—*Had tou seen her at kurk, &c.*

From the levity of air, which distinguishes some of my fair countrywomen during the hours of public worship, it would not be uncharitable to suppose that they attend church from the same view as they do fairs. What can we think of a young woman whose eye is continually roving from one part of the audience to another, observing every dress, and examining every countenance with the minuteness if not with the penetration of a Lavater? What can we think, but that she is destitute of those soft, retiring graces, which so much adorn her sex, and give so much attraction to beauty?

NOTE 10, P. 29.

*The dumb weyfe was tellin their fortunes.*

A person, born without the faculty of speech, is thought, by the illiterate part of the Cumbrian peasantry, to possess the gift of prescience; and this supposed extraordinary endowment gives him so much confidence and veneration with that class of the community, that, if he possess not common honesty, it becomes the means of drawing pence from their pockets.

Fortune-telling, (the most lucrative part of vaticination), is often professed by women, who, having no settled abode, travel from village to village, all of them really or pretendedly dumb; for the most voluble tongue among them can submit to a temporary restraint, when the credit of their pro-

fession, and consequently their livelihood, depend upon its silence.

As soon as one of these strolling sybils arrives at a village, she is immediately surrounded by a plebeian group, all of them anxious to know "the colour of their future fate," and it is certainly something to her credit, that instead of adding cruelty to the crime of imposition, by darkening the perspective with a train of disasters, she scatters over it roses and sunshine. The laborious rustic, who at present provides with difficulty for the wants of the day, beholds his future hours gliding amidst affluence, abundance, and pleasures: while the village-maid, blushing with health and love, is gratified by the near approach of an honourable and opulent marriage. Yet these kind prophetesses, who lighten the pressure of the present moment, by making the destinies smile upon the future, are threatened with gaols, stocks, and pillories!

NOTE 11, p. 30.

*Now, Kate, full forty years ha'e flown.*

We have here a couple enjoying tranquillity in their old age, after a severe struggle with the disasters of life. But though their youth had been pressed down with many distresses, and had been embarrassed with many difficulties, they could yet look back upon it with satisfaction, because it had been innocent, and recall to mind, without pain, the daily toils they had undergone, in providing for the wants of an infant family; because they could behold that family, which they had cherished with so much affection, acting their parts with credit on the stage of life, and repaying, with filial piety, the numerous favours which parental affection had conferred upon them.

The example of this aged couple may be proposed as a model of conduct to that part of the community whose lot is labour. Under all their necessities, difficulties, and hardships, let them persevere in a faithful discharge of their duties,—and remember that virtue will ultimately triumph over every species of external distress :

—————“ Ye good distrest!  
 “ Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 “ Beneath life’s pressure, yet bear up a while,  
 “ And your bounded view, which only saw  
 “ A little part, deem’d evil, is no more :  
 “ The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,  
 “ And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.”

THOMSON.

NOTE 12, P. 31.—*The Impatient Lassie.*

The passion of love, restrained by forms and ceremonies in the higher classes of society, breaks out in all its vehemence in the breast of a simple, uneducated country peasant. In him it is an instinct of nature, unchecked by delicacy, and unrefined by sentiment. As if ashamed to acknowledge its dominion, he visits the object of his affections under the shades of night, and always on a Saturday, that the effects of the night’s vigils might be done away by the holiday of the succeeding day. His fair one waits for him with all the impatient ardour of love, hides the loitering moments ; and should he not reach her habitation at the appointed hour, suffers all the anguish of foreboding fears :—some disastrous accident has befallen him, some coolness in his passion has taken place, some rival, with more beauty or more address, has supplanted her in his affections. Apprehensions like these continue to agitate her bosom, till a tap at the window or door announces the arrival of her suitor.



NOTE 13, P. 32.—*O durst we lasses nobbet gang.*

In most countries the men pay their addresses to the women, and not the women to the men; and custom, that has such great influence over human actions, has given to this practice almost the force and sanction of a political regulation. Though many local customs originate in accident, this however has its foundation in nature and in reason; for what fair one, with all the reserve and delicacy natural to her sex, would venture to disclose the secrets of her bosom on so tender a subject as that of love? And if such be the constitutional timidity of the fair sex, let us spare their blushes, by anticipating their wishes, and meeting with equal ardour that passion which modesty and custom only allowed them to discover by the silent language of the eye.

NOTE 14, P. 33.

*Sit down, and I'll count owre my sweethearts.*

To have a great variety of sweethearts, is, in the opinion of a simple country girl, a virtual acknowledgment of the predominating force of her charms; and she seldom discovers her error, till she finds herself neglected by every man whose esteem would be valuable, and whose addresses would do her honour.

Of so delicate a nature is female reputation, that the conduct of a young woman ought not only to be free from guilt, but also free from suspicion; and surely her chastity may be disputed, who, without any regard to their character, conduct, and views, indiscriminately admits of the visits of various suitors.



NOTE 15, p. 33.—*To th' pocket-whol, &c.*

In this ballad poor *Snip* bears testimony to the effects of love by his blunders; and he who laughs at his imbecility, and can behold the charms of a lovely woman without emotion, must be something *less*, or something *more*, than man:—

“For who can boast he never felt the fires,  
 “The trembling throbbings of the young desires,  
 “When he beheld the breathing roses glow,  
 “And the soft heavings of the living snow;  
 “The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,  
 “And all the rapturous graces of the fair?  
 “Ah! what defence, if fixt on him he spy  
 “The languid sweetness of the steadfast eye!”

LUSIAD.

The charms of the fair have indeed in all ages triumphed over the human breast. The piety of David and the wisdom of Solomon gave way when opposed to their force; and Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of the world, forgot his fame and his victories in the arms of an Egyptian beauty. Even the mighty Hercules threw down his club, with which he had achieved so many arduous enterprises, and became a humble suitor at the feet of an imperious fair one.

NOTE 16, p. 34.—*'Twas last Leady Fair, &c.*

This fair is held on Lady-day, at Wigton; and, like other Cumbrian fairs, passes away amidst mirth, music, and dancing.

NOTE 17, p. 36.—*Wi' Laird Hodgson, &c.*

In Cumberland the appellation of *laird* is applied to the proprietors of landed property, and to their eldest sons. Their oldest daughters are styled *ladies*.

## NOTE 18, P. 36.

*For that was the pleace my grandfadder was bworn in.*

A predilection for the place of our nativity is a patriotic prejudice, that does honour to our feelings, and shows a heart formed for receiving the best impressions. It displays itself in early life, and does not diminish with years, with absence, with travel, or with distance. A Cumbrian mountaineer feels its influence, when, amidst the rudest scenes of nature, he contentedly sits down in his paternal cottage, takes his homely fare, sings his artless song, or joins in the rustic dance.—

“Tho’ poor the peasant’s hut, his feasts tho’ small,  
 “He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
 “Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
 “To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
 “No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
 “To make him loath his vegetable meal ;  
 “But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
 “Each wish contracting fits him for the soil.”

GOLDSMITH.

In whatever distant country, or in whatever situation of life, fortune may place us, we still remember with affection the place of our birth, and cheer the hours of absence with the hopes of returning to it,—of seeing the companions of our early years,—and of revisiting these scenes that have been long endeared to us by tender recollections. In what melting strains of genuine pathos did Ovid break out, when, in those remote regions to which he was banished, he recollected his country, his home, and his friends !

*Et pœna est patria sola carere mea !*

NOTE 19, P. 40.—*Tom Linton.*

A man of licentious opinions and dissolute morals is considered, by his companions in guilt, as a liberal thinker, and as a man of spirit and gallantry; but, to the virtuous and wiser part of the world, he appears as a timid and illiberal-minded wretch, callous to every honourable feeling, and as contracted in his understanding as he is depraved in his heart. It may seem strange that such a description of men exist in a kingdom peculiarly distinguished by the excellency of its constitution, its laws, and its religion. But if, among the great and illustrious characters which our country has produced, there may be found some who disgrace her, who can help it? The soil that gives growth and vigour to the majestic oak, frequently nourishes the loathsome reptile.

NOTE 20, P. 42.—*The Happy Family.*

The numerous instances of domestic felicity, which we meet with among the lower classes of society, and the dissatisfaction and inquietude which so often prevail among the higher ranks, will convince us, that to acquire riches and distinction, is not to acquire contentment and happiness. With health, industry, and virtue, happy in his domestic relations, in his kindred, in his friends, with limited wishes, and all his thoughts at home, the poor man enjoys comforts which wealth cannot purchase, or rank confer. Every remove from his humble, unambitious situation, would probably be so many removes from innocence and peace.

Poverty, indeed, however supported by virtue, has its peculiar distresses; but what are its dis-

tresses to the pangs felt by guilty affluence? O the innocent and uncorrupted heart gleams of comfort are continually darting through the darkest shades of human life.

NOTE 21, p. 44.—*I think o' my playmates, &c.*

We always look back with pleasure on our early years, because at that period every object that surrounds us appears in gay and pleasing colours; our hearts are light, our affections warm, our hopes eager, and our pursuits ardent.

In whatever part of the world we reside, we always feel a passionate desire to return to the spot where we passed the hours of our early life; to see again the companions of our childhood; to retrace the scenes of our juvenile frolics; to re-visit the green where we have sported, the shades under which we have reposed, and the banks where we have often loitered. A modern poet, in describing the scenes where his early youth was passed, breaks out in the genuine language of poetry and of nature:—

“ Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!

“ Ah, fields below'd in vain!

“ Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

“ A stranger yet to pain!

“ I feel the gales that from you blow

“ A momentary bliss bestow;

“ As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,

“ My weary soul they seem to sooth,

“ And, redolent of joy and youth,

“ To breathe a second spring.”

GRAY.

These tender feelings, which exist in a greater or less degree in every bosom, afford a melancholy attestation, that the more we advance in life the

more are our years laden with sorrow, with care, and with discontent!

NOTE 22, P. 45.

*Now monie a weyfe will weep for joy.*

Peace brings so many blessings, and puts a period to so many calamities, that it can hardly be purchased by too great sacrifices. What pleasing sensations does it afford to a feeling and patriotic heart to hear the carol of joy and contentment in every village; to see domestic happiness restored to an afflicted family, by the return of a husband, a father, or a favourite son; to behold the spirit of trade, commerce, and agriculture revive, and receive new energies; and to see wealth, plenty, and happiness diffused through the nation by a hundred different channels! If such be the effects of peace, who can behold without a tear those guilty laurels which have been obtained in unjust wars, amidst scenes of blood and devastation,—amidst the widow's tears and the orphan's cries!

NOTE 23, P. 47.—*That farmers are happier, &c.*

The poets, in their descriptions of human felicity, generally draw their images from pastoral life, because they suppose where there is simplicity there is also innocence and happiness. But when we search rural life for the original from which they draw their beautiful pictures, we search for what is not always to be found. We often see there vice in all its grossness, and the tranquillity of life destroyed by the agitation of the passions. With the ploughman's song and the shepherd's lute we sometimes hear the murmurs of complaint, and the voice of discontent.—In every situation the degree of

happiness and misery will be found in proportion to the prevalence of virtue and vice.

NOTE 24, P. 49.—*O this weary, weary war!*

Such will be the exclamation of every one who has lived to that period of life when the powers of sensation are blunted, when worldly objects no longer attach the heart, and when those amusements which gave rapture to youth can no longer please. Weighed down with infirmities and sorrow, and standing on the stage of life as a friendless, forlorn, insulated individual, the burden of an old man's song must ever be, "O this weary, weary world!"

NOTE 25, P. 52.—*Lal Stephen.*

The hero of this ballad seems to have been, from his multifarious accomplishments, the CREIGHTON of his village. Though diminutive in stature, yet his agility and prowess, his superior skill in rural occupations, and expertness at gymnastic exercises, highly exalted him in the eyes of his countrywomen, and gave him a reputation that was not soon to decay; and a clown is as proud of his rustic honours as a warrior is of his laurels, or a poet is of his bays.

NOTE 26, P. 57.—*To set me out a mile o' geate.*

Sometimes a girl shews her affection to her lover by accompanying him a part of the road on his return home; and the enamoured rustic usually repays this mark of regard by an increased love in his next visit to her.

NOTE 27, P. 58.

*At Carel I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth.*

In Cumberland, servants who are employed in

husbandry are seldom engaged for a longer term than half a year.—On the customary days of hiring, they proceed to the nearest town, and that their intentions might be known, stand in the market-place with a sprig or straw in their mouths.

NOTE 28, P. 60.—*Them ill reed-cwoated fellows, &c.*

In every profession there are men who disgrace it. We cannot condemn in too severe terms those sergeants of recruiting parties who enlist their countrymen, when excess of drinking has deprived them of all reason and reflection. To recruit our army, it is not necessary to have recourse to unjustifiable arts. There will never be wanting volunteers to fill its ranks, as long as we know the value of that constitution which secures to us our civil and religious liberties.

NOTE 29, P. 61.—*Matthew Macree.*

This noted rustic seems to have reached the pinnacle of village fame. He had recommended himself to the notice of the fair, like the knight errant in the times of chivalry, by the variety of his accomplishments. He excelled at running, wrestling, leaping, and boxing. His stentorian voice and sonorous sounds gained him the reputation of a singer and a scholar. And let no person despise Matthew Macree. He attained as much distinction as satisfied his ambition; and what greater gratification do they receive who fill the world with their names?

NOTE 30, P. 63.

*I can't for the life o' me get her to work.*

When love makes an attack upon us, he never grants us a truce till he has subdued the heart.

He pursues us to our occupations, to our amusements, to our closets, to our chambers. The whole mind is engrossed by the object of our affections, and nothing gives us pleasure but what has an immediate or indirect relation to it; while with the possession or loss of it we connect our happiness or misery.

NOTE 31, P. 65.—*Ay, lad! sec a murry-neet, &c.*

The common people in Cumberland, like the common people in all countries, have their festive scenes, in which they mingle with ardour, and forget awhile the toils, cares, and hardships peculiar to their stations. Amidst their coarse and homely pastimes their hearts expand to gaiety, and receive more genuine gratification than is to be found among those splendid amusements which the rich, the idle, and the dissipated have invented to diversify life, and remove that tedium, languor, and disquietude, which oppress a heart enervated by luxury, and corrupted by vice.

A CUMBRIAN MERRY-NIGHT is, as its name imports, a night appropriated to mirth and festivity. It takes place at some country ale-house, during the holidays of Christmas, a season in which every Cumbrian peasant refuses to be governed by the cold and niggardly maxims of economy and thrift. That the guests might want nothing to cheer their hearts, the landlord of the house is careful to replenish his cellar with ale and spirits, as well as to provide bread and cheese, pipes and tobacco, cards and music.

The young women, who are particularly fond of these diversions, and who are introduced to them



by some friend, relation, or lover, have pies placed before them, and that girl must be modest indeed who refuses to taste of a luxury when it is within her reach. The company are divided into different parties, according to their different propensities, and to the different amusements to which they are attached.—They whose ruling passion is card-playing, seat themselves in some apartment where they can obtain a comfortable fire and a commodious table.—The *sweethearters* retire to some snug, sequestered corner, where, unseen by any licentious eye, and unheard by any idle ear, they can breathe the vows and speak the soft language of love. They who are fond of dancing, enjoy their diversion in the house-loft, to which they ascend by means of stone steps or a ladder. Its walls are generally very low; but, as there is no ceiling, a very tall person may stand erect under its roof. The dancers exhibit specimens of agility, rather than of skill; and though their heads have often stubborn rencounters with the beams and rafters of the building, they are seldom forsaken by either their spirits or their elasticity.

The music is that of the fiddle; and, if it be not so powerful as the minstrelsy of old times, which gave motion to stocks, trees, and stones, it may be truly said of it, (and which is certainly no little praise), that it gives activity, if not grace, to the big unweildy limbs of a Cumbrian clown.

At the conclusion of a jig, the fiddler makes his instrument squeak out two notes that say, or are understood to say, "*Kiss her!*"—a command which the rustic youth immediately obeys, by giving his fair partner a salute equal, as far as relates to sound, to that recorded by Shakespeare, when—

“ Petruchio took the bride about the neck,  
And kiss’d her lips with such a clam’rous smack,  
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.”

This familiarity between a dancing couple is of ancient standing. The anonymous author of an old poem, entitled “ The use and abuse of Dancing and Minstrelsie,” gives it as the common opinion that a dance would afford no pleasure, if not terminated by a parting salute. He says,

“ But some reply, what fool would dance,  
If that when dance were done,  
He may not have a ladye’s lips,  
That which in dance he won.”

It appears to have been formerly a regal custom in England; for, in Shakespeare’s Henry VIII., the prince says to his partner :—

“ I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.”

But all these authorities in favour of the custom will not be able to keep it up against the refinements of the age, which, in some parts of Cumberland, have nearly done it away, and induced the country girls to be less lavish of the balmy fragrance of their lips—at least in public.

They who love flowing bumpers seat themselves in the kitchen, or bower, where

————— “ The dry divan  
“ Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in  
“ For serious drinking.”

THOMSON.

These are the jovial and legitimate sons of Bacchus, who know no other pleasures of life than that which is supplied by the bottle. He who wastes life in an ambitious pursuit of power or distinction, and the sordid wretch who starves amidst accumulated treasures, are alike the objects of his contempt and

satire. Even the "whining lover," whose happiness or misery is produced by the smiles or the frowns of his mistress, betrays, in his opinion, a weak, despicable understanding, that hardly entitles him to a place in the scale of thinking beings. These boon companions of the glass are the last lingering remains of these festive meetings, seldom departing till their roseate faces receive the reflection of the next day's sun.

An **UPSHOT** is a meeting among a number of merry-hearted swains and nymphs, who are fond of music and dancing. It generally takes place in a barn, during the summer season, when there are no *merry nights* to animate the lagging moments of a leisure hour.

NOTE 32, P. 69.

*How monie a scwore this angry neel.*

The comforts that are found in a cottage often more than counterbalance the toils and hardships attending a life of poverty. Happy in the society of his wife and family, blest with a healthy and vigorous constitution, industrious, temperate, and innocent, what is there in the nature of things that can improve his condition?—When he becomes dissatisfied, it is when he suffers his thoughts and imaginations to roam among scenes of grandeur—among luxuries and expensive pleasures—among the pompous pursuits and amusements of the great—all of which are but so many different modifications of splendid misery.

NOTE 33, P. 70.—'Twas Rob and Jock, &c.

The convivial meeting celebrated in this ballad, may vie, in many respects, with the most distinguished

*symposiums* of Greece and Rome. Had old Anacreon composed one of the party, with what rapture would he have surveyed the capacious vessel that contained a pool of liquor, of superior quality to the famed nectar of the gods!—With what animation would he have shaken his hoary locks! What a glow would all his features have received from the spirituous fluid! And with what vigour would he have struck his lyre in its praise!

The party here alluded to were our author and a few jovial friends. ARCHY, to whose comfortable cabin they were invited, is a well-known, industrious, and respectable tradesman—the scourge of pretenders, but the friend of humble merit; a man who possesses the endearing qualities, benevolence of heart, and cheerfulness of disposition.

“By nature form’d in her most sportive mood.”

He is one of the few who can put Care to the rout, make his friends happy, and keep the table in a roar.

R. A.

NOTE 34, P. 72.—*At toun, kurk, market, &c.*

A beautiful country girl makes a swain feel the force of her charms wherever she beholds him: even “Sunday shines no sabbath-day to him.” At his very devotion she points against him the artillery of her eye. In short, she attacks him in every place, and, what is still more cruel, when she has subdued his heart, often plays with his passion, refusing her hand to the man whose affections she has gained. She ought, however, to observe, that a conqueror’s glory is his lenity, and that her behaviour to her captives ought to be humane, if not generous; and not like that of a heathen victor,

who dragged them at the wheels of his triumphant chariot.

NOTE 35, P. 73.—*But as for Jwohnie, &c.*

In every Cumbrian village there is generally a rustic politician, who has established his political reputation among his countrymen by volubly discoursing on the state of the nation. At his leisure hours, he assembles a group of his neighbours round his fire-side, reads to them a provincial newspaper, comments upon every paragraph, reviews every transaction, points out all the errors of the ministry, and concludes by laying down a system of politics, which, in his opinion, would put the good things of life more within the reach of him and his countrymen, and enable them to dine and breakfast upon roast-beef and plum-pudding, instead of *cow'd-lword* and oatmeal pottage.

NOTE 36, P. 74.—*The schuilmaister's a conjurer, &c.*

Few occupations are attended with more labour and less profit than that of a country schoolmaster. In Cumberland his income seldom exceeds thirty pounds a-year, for which he teaches forty or fifty scholars, during nine or ten hours of the day. If he be a single man, his stipend, with rigid economy, may be equal to his support; but if he be married, and have a family, his distresses must be great indeed! In some parts of Cumberland his situation is somewhat improved; for he not only receives quarter-pence, but is provided with victuals at the homes of his scholars, which he visits in succession. This *whittle-gait* (as it is called) subjects him however to the toil of travelling, as many of the houses, in which he is entitled to his victuals, are situated

at a great distance from his school, and the roads to them scarcely passable during the winter season ; but what difficulties cannot a rustic pedagogue, with a keen appetite and a vigorous constitution, overcome in pursuit of a dinner?—Provided with an oaken staff, a pair of *clogs*, and a *kelt* surtout, he travels always with spirit and expedition to his kail and crowdy, unintimidated by the length of the road, or the tempestuousness of the weather. And he never finds any reason to regret this mode of dining by rotation at the tables of his pupils, as every good housewife always provides, against his WHITTLE-DAY, a cowed-lword, and a piece of beef or mutton.

NOTE 37, P. 78.

*Our parson says, we bang'd them still.*

Nothing tends more to inspire valour than a knowledge of the achievements of our ancestors. A British soldier does not calculate the number of his enemies when he recalls to mind the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The study of history, particularly that of our own country, should therefore form an important part in the system of education. It will be the means of making us better patriots and better men ; for he must be lost to every honourable feeling, whose loyalty and patriotism do not kindle at the names of a Falkland and a Montrose.

NOTE 38, P. 79.

*The witch weyfe begg'd in our backseyde.*

In Cumberland, the word *backside* implies that space of ground which lies immediately behind the

house;—but, in its common acceptation, it conveys an idea *less refined*, and is particularly apt, in the mouth of a rustic, to wound the delicate ear of a fine lady, unacquainted with its provincial signification.

“A plain Cumberland farmer, being called to London on some law-business, took the opportunity to visit his landlord, whose residence was in Spring-Garden; but not finding him at home, he entered into a chat with his daughter, a fashionable fine lady, who very civilly shewed him all the house, and was highly diverted with his remarks on every thing he saw. In the course of his survey, honest HODGE, casually resting his hand upon a certain *be-corked* part of her dress, exclaimed with much simplicity, while he popped his head out of the window,—‘*The leevin surs, Miss! what a muckle BACKSIDE you ha’e gotten! It cannot seerly be aw your awn?*’ i. e. Wonderful, Miss! what a spacious *backside* you have gotten! It cannot surely be all your own? To this *plain* question a blush was the only answer which the lady returned.”

NOTE 39, P. 79.—*Auld Grizzy the witch, &c.*

Those of the Cumbrian peasantry, whose ideas have not been enlarged by education, have a firm belief in witchcraft and necromancy; and discover, in the person of every deformed old woman, a witch and a magician, whose favour they are anxious to conciliate, and whose vengeance they are solicitous to avert. If poor Hodge fall from his cart, and dislocate his neck; if he be bewildered on some dreary moor; if some contagious disease destroy his cattle, or some pestilential sickness afflict his family; in short, all the calamities and misfortunes that visit



him or his neighbours, are imputed to her infernal incantations.

NOTE 40, p. 80.

*Whea was't that brak our lanlword garth?*

To pillage a garden or an orchard is generally considered as a venial fault in a schoolboy, and even praise is bestowed on the spirit with which the enterprise is executed. But certainly every tendency to vice cannot be too soon corrected, as a disposition to virtue cannot be too soon formed.

NOTE 41, p. 81.—*My Gwordie's whussle weel I ken.*

A life of severe labour does not depress the spirits of a peasant. On his return to his cottage, after the toils of the day are over, he makes the woods and valleys vocal with his song, and "*the maid of his heart*" is generally the theme of his praise; happy if his notes catch her ear, and happier still if they be heard with partiality, and incline her to meet with equal ardour the passion that dictated them.

NOTE 42, p. 83.—*I mind what, &c.*

The pleasures which the aged enjoy are mostly supplied by memory. Amidst their increasing infirmities, they dwell with peculiar delight on the days of their youth,—on those happy hours when every object seemed gilded in the brightest colours,—when the heart was light, and all around them joy and festivity. They are fond of recounting their juvenile frolics, exploits, and adventures; and, when they are the narrators of their own actions, a partiality for the subject generally leads to a minuteness of detail that would weary every ear, except that of garrulous old age.



NOTE 43, p. 86.—*Come gi'es thy hand, Gabey!*

Modern friendships are for the most part rather nominal than real; they profess much, but mean nothing. Their language never comes from the heart. It is formal and ceremonious, breaks out in fulsome compliments and extravagant panegyric, and applies nearly the same set of phrases to the genius and to the dunce, to the wise and the foolish, to the virtuous, and the vicious.

NOTE 44, p. 88.—*Our Ellek likes fat bacon weel.*

There is nothing fastidious in the appetite of a Cumbrian rustic. His repast at noon generally consists of a *crowdy*, a *cow'd-lword*, and a piece of bacon. If the bacon be boiled, he sups the broth; if fried, he pours the melted fat among his potatoes.—A *cow'd-lword* is a cant name for a kind of pudding composed of oatmeal, tallow, suet, and hog's-lard, which, to a rustic palate, is always a luxurious dish. A *crowdy* is composed of oatmeal and the marrow of beef or mutton bones, and is the introductory dish that takes off something from the keenness of a ploughman's appetite.

When potatoes solely constitute the dinner, the mess is more than usually large. After boiling some time, they are beaten and mashed by a club-headed wooden instrument, called a *tatoe-chopper*, and the whole mass placed upon a platter. In the centre of this fuming pile is a cavity filled with melted butter, or the fat of bacon, into which every one at table merges his spoon or knife loaden with potatoes.

The breakfast and supper generally consist of thick pottage, a kind of food made of oatmeal and water, and boiled till it becomes a viscous mass.

The general bread of the peasantry is composed of barley fermented with dough, and baked in an oven. In the parts bordering on Scotland, a sort of barley and oat cakes, called *scons* and *bannocks*, are used.

NOTE 45, p. 89.

*O Wully! had thou nobbet been at Burgh Races!*

Some villages in Cumberland have their annual horse races. The prize is commonly a saddle or a bridle, and the horses that run for it are the property of the neighbouring *lairds* and farmers, and, without any previous discipline, are brought from the plough or cart to the course. When the race is finished, the country lads proceed with their sweet-hearts to the village alehouse, where they dance, sing, and drink, and talk over the adventures of the day.

The races celebrated in this ballad took place on the 3rd of May, 1804, at Brough, or Burgh, a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, where our warlike Edward died on an expedition that was to decide the fate of Scotland. The prize was a silver cup, given by Lord Lowther, which, besides its intrinsic value, £50, conferred an honour on the winner, equal at least to the garland of wild olive worn by the victors at the Olympic games.

NOTE 46, p. 89.

*There was, 'How fens te, Tommy?' &c.*

When an honest Cumbrian rustic meets an acquaintance, he addresses himself to him by the warm interrogatory, '*How fens te?*' i. e. How fares it with you in respect to health? If the person to whom the question is addressed be in a good state of health, the reply is, '*I's gaily;*' i. e. I am in good health and spirits.

NOTE 47, P. 90.—*Man thysel, Jemmy.*

Before the company depart from country horse-races, a stubborn contest with fists usually commences, in which the rustic warriors are animated by the praises of their sweethearts. Sometimes a courageous rural dame takes an active part in the battle, and brings succour to her fainting lover by directing, with the vigour of an amazon, a few desperate blows against the nose of his antagonist.

NOTE 48, P. 91.—*I peep'd through the window, &c.*

The windows of many farm-houses in Cumberland are without shutters, and some of them without curtains;—so during a winter night, while the fire is cheerfully blazing, the whole family, and every part of the kitchen and furniture, are revealed to the sight of every idle eaves-dropper. The honest sweetheart, however, when he pays his nocturnal visit to his *dulcinea*, peeps through the glass with no other view than of gratifying his sight with the looks and motions of the fair object of his affections, happy if he find no rival participating in her smiles and conversation.

NOTE 49, P. 92.—*Peer Dinah Dufton, &c.*

It must be an insensible heart that does not feel for the fate of those unfortunate females who have been seduced from the paths of virtue and innocence, by the artifices of a set of men who are the disgrace of their country, and the pests of society.—The crime of seduction has spread general misery. It has even filled rural life, (from which the poets of all ages have drawn their finest images of felicity,) with complaint, disease, and wretchedness; and if such be its effects, he is no friend to his country

who does not wish that some effectual check were put to it.

NOTE 50, p. 94.

*Says Ned, says he, the thimmel gi'e me.*

A village swain endeavours to ingratiate himself into the favour of his sweetheart by making her such presents as are within the reach of his humble circumstances, such as handkerchiefs, ribbons, gloves, thimbles, beads, &c.—In all ranks of life, the cold virtue of savingness gives way to the warmth of love.

NOTE 51, p. 95.

*There was ill gusty Jemmy, the Cocker o' Codbeck.*

A cocker is a character that a humane mind will always contemplate with disgust. The diversion which he is fond of can only gratify a heart lost to virtue and divested of feeling, or attract an understanding feeble, and barren of ideas. When we see the profligate and squalid crowds that attend a country cock-fight, we cannot but feel for the honour of human nature, and regret that a practice, which has such a direct tendency to brutalize the heart, should be suffered to prevail in a country which can boast of the mildest government and the purest religion.

NOTE 52, p. 96.—*But canny auld Cummerlan, &c.*

The traveller, whose object is amusement, and not the acquisition of money, may gratify his passion by a tour through Cumberland. Scenes of picturesque beauty will every-where present themselves to his eye. Keswick, where mountains, rocks, precipices, and cataracts are contrasted with peaceful vales and

placid lakes, has been justly called "*The Elysium of the North*;" for if Elysium is to be found upon earth, it must surely be in that happy vale, which Nature has so peculiarly distinguished by her bounties, and surrounded with such rich and magnificent scenery, and where may be found a race of men leading happy and peaceful lives, strangers to the follies and unagitated by the passions that fill the rest of the world with crimes and misery.

NOTE 53, P. 97.—*We've Corby, &c.*

Corby Castle, by far the most delightful situation in Cumberland (perhaps in the North), stands on the banks of Eden, four miles from Carlisle. Its hanging woods of various hues, hoarse murmuring streams, stupendous rocks, echoing cells, and extensive walks, have so often been the traveller's theme, that any attempt at minute description might justly be deemed vanity in our author.

The present owner, HENRY HOWARD, Esq., has long been adding beauties to a place, where Nature seems to say,

Behold me, man, in all my wild attire!

And while he, from every manly, patriotic, and virtuous principle, enjoys the confidence of the highest circles, his amiable lady is the idol of the tenantry and neighbouring villagers;

Softening the pangs of sickness, want, and sorrow,  
While thousands ruin seek in lewd excess,  
And rob the wretched, Heav'n has plac'd beneath them.

R. A.

NOTE 54, P. 98.

*Nin leyke thee cud fling the geavelick.*

The brawny rustics of Cumberland were formerly so fond of athletic exercises, such as wrestling, leap-

ing, playing at foot-ball, quoits, &c., that they were frequently practised on the Sunday ; but the advance of civilization has nearly abolished these rustic diversions, and operated as a bar to their taking place on the day set apart for public worship. They sometimes make a trial of their strength by pitching the gavelick, or lever, and sometimes by lifting huge stones, almost equal in size and weight to that with which the mighty Hector forced the Grecian fortifications :—

“ A pond’rous stone bold Hector heav’d to throw,  
 “ Pointed above, and rough and gross below ;  
 “ Not two strong men th’ enormous weight could raise,  
 “ Such men as live in these degen’rate days.”

ILIAD.

NOTE 55, P. 98.

*Then, Job, I mind at your kurn-supper.*

When a Cumbrian farmer has cut down his corn, he makes an entertainment, to which he invites the reapers and a few of his neighbours. This entertainment is called a *kurn* or *churn* ; because a quantity of cream, slightly churned, was originally the only dish which constituted it. In the progress of modern luxury, other dishes have been added to this rural feast, and a rustic epicure may now riot amidst a profusion of pies, plum-puddings, and dumplings.

NOTE 56, P. 98.

*And, Jeff, when met at Cursmas cairdins.*

In Cumberland, a succession of diversions, feasts, and merriments, distinguishes the holidays of Christmas. Of the different festive meetings which take place at that season, card-playing constitutes a considerable portion of the amusement ; and the

cottage that can supply a stool, ashes-board, and a rush-light, has sufficient accommodations for a rustic card-player.

The children have also their peculiar amusements at this festive season. In some parts of Cumberland, a number of boys and girls, on the eve of New Year's Day, go about from house to house singing a sort of a carol, of which the following lines are the first couplet:—

*Hagnuna, Trolola,*

Give us some pie, and let us go away.

When they receive their present of pie, they depart peaceably, wishing the donor a happy New Year. In Northumberland, the first word in the couplet is *Hagmena*, which some derive from the two Greek words, *agia mene*, signifying the holy month. The custom is not unknown in Scotland. Some years ago, one of her ministers endeavoured to abolish it by censuring it from the pulpit. "Sirs," (said he to his audience), "do you know what *Hogmane* signifies? It is, the Devil be in the house!—that is the meaning of its *Hebrew original*." Our little strolling Cumbrian boys and girls will not, I think, be easily persuaded that any part of their begging-song conveys an imprecation on the houses which they visit.

NOTE 57, P. 99.—*I'll hev a young weyfe suin!*

A man, with his bosom inflamed with love, while his head is crowned with the hoar of age, exhibits as strange a phenomenon as the mountain that contains fire in its bowels, while its summit is crowned with snow; and when he leads a young woman to the altar, he is always subject to the ridicule of the world. But if it be true, what the author of "The



Valetudinarian's Bath Guide" advances, that the breath of young girls has a salubrious effect on the constitution of old men, his marriage, at so late a period of life, ought to be rather adduced as an instance of mature wisdom than of doating folly.

NOTE 58, P. 101.

*A wee swoope guid yell is a peer body's comfort.*

A poor man's comforts and amusements are confined within narrow limits; but, as narrow as they are, there are those who would wish to contract them. They would not only take from him his dance and *merry night*, but also his pot of ale at the village ale-houses, where, after the labour of the day, he sometimes relaxes himself among companions of similar manners, pursuits, and habits of life; and an indulgence certainly innocent, provided it be not carried to an excess ruinous to himself and family. His life is a life of labour, and often of distress. If he sometimes steal from care and toil to the place "where nut-brown draughts inspire," who can blame him?

NOTE 59, P. 101.

*The dangerous yell-house kills monie brave fellows.*

Moderate cups administer comfort to the heart, open its springs, and keep up the spirit of social intercourse; but numerous are the evils which flow from intemperate drinking. How many promising youths, who, by their talents and genius, were capable of sustaining the dignity of the human character, has this baleful habit sunk into insignificance and contempt, or hurried to an untimely grave! How many bosoms, formed for virtue and happiness, has it filled with guilt and misery! In



the time of King Edgar, the vice of drunkenness so much prevailed, that he endeavoured to check it by limiting the number of ale-houses, and ordering nails or pins to be fixed, at stated distances, in the drinking cups and horns, by which marks the drinkers were to regulate their draughts, or suffer punishment. What effect these regulations produced at that time I do not know; but I'm afraid that pins and penalties would be feeble barriers against the vigorous draughts of a modern toper.

NOTE 60, p. 102.

*We went owre to Deavie' clay-daubin.*

In the eastern and northern parts of Cumberland, the walls of houses are in general composed of clay, and in their erection take seldom more than the space of a day. When a young rustic marries, the highest ambition of his heart is to be the master of an humble clay-built cottage, that might afford shelter to him and his family. As soon as he has selected a proper site, which usually borders on some moor that affords turf and peat for fuel, he signifies his intentions to his neighbours, who, on the appointed day, punctually muster on the spot where the intended building is to be raised, each individual bringing a spade and one day's provisions along with him.

That every thing might be done in order, and without confusion, a particular piece of work is assigned to each labourer. Some dig the clay, some fetch it in wheelbarrows, some water it and mix it with straw, and some heave it upon the walls. The rustic girls, (a great many of whom attend on the occasion), fetch the water, with which the clay is softened, from some neighbouring ditch

or pond. When the walls are raised to their proper height, the company have plenty to eat and to drink ; after which the lads and the lasses, with faces incrustated with clay and dirt, take a dance upon the clay-floor of the newly-erected cottage.

NOTE 61, p. 102.

*See, deame, if we've got a swope whusky.*

Whisky, diluted with water, is the common beverage of the rustic inhabitants of the north of Cumberland ; and, though their rum bottle may sometimes be exhausted, they seldom fail to be pretty well stocked (notwithstanding the vigilance of the exciseman) with contraband whisky.

NOTE 62, p. 103.

*I th' kurk-garth the clark caw'd his seale.*

“ The kurk-garth, or church-yard, on a Sunday morning, (observes an ingenious friend), is to the country people of Cumberland what the Exchange is to the merchants of London, and answers all the purposes of business or amusement, from whence general information is to be sent round the parish.

“ The *kurk-fwok*, or congregation, therefore, usually stop about the church-door, after the service is done, to hear these notices which are mostly given by the parish clérk, elevated upon a *thruff*, or flat tomb-stone, sometimes from a written paper, and sometimes taken verbally from the mouth of the party concerned. This latter mode, in the tone and dialect of an old formal psalm-singer, produces often a very curious effect, as is exemplified in the following notice, actually delivered a few years ago at the door of Stanwix church, near Carlisle :—

CLERK.—Hoa-a-z-yes !—This is to give nwtice, that there is to be, on Wednesday neist, at—(When?)

MAN.—Twelve.

CLERK.—Twelve of the Clock precisely—  
(Whar?)

MAN.—Linstock.

CLERK.—At Linstock, near Rickarby, a sale of  
—(What?)

MAN.—Esh for car-stangs.

CLERK.—A sale of esh-wood—for car-stangs;  
and if any body wants to ken aught mair about it,  
they mun apply to—(Wheay?)

MAN.—Thomas Dobson.

CLERK.—Thomas Dobson, Clerk of Stanwix;  
that is, Mister.—(Any thing mair?)

MAN.—Nay, that's aw.

CLERK.—Wa' then, God save the King!—  
(How fend ye, Mister Ritson? how fend ye?)

“This manner of making a public proclamation  
through the medium of a prompter, is by no means  
modern; it occurs exactly in the second scene of  
the third act of ‘*The New Inn*,’ by Ben Jonson.”

NOTE 63, P. 103.

*The lads rubb'd her down wi' pez strae.*

A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful  
to her, is, by way of consolation, rubbed with pease-  
straw by the neighbouring lads; and when a Cum-  
brian youth loses his sweetheart, by her marriage  
with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered  
to him by the lasses of the village.

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END OF THE NOTES.

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# GLOSSARY.

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In the Cumberland Dialect, the letter g is generally omitted in the participial termination ing; as, partin, for parting, &c.

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## A

Abed, in bed  
 Abuin, above  
 Adveyce, advice  
 Ae, one  
 A-fit, on foot,  
 Afwore, before  
 Aga, the ague  
 Agean, against  
 Ahint, behind  
 A-horse, on horseback  
 Aikton, a village near  
     Wigton  
 Ail, to be indisposed  
 Ajy, awry  
 Ak, to mind or care.  
 Alang, along  
 Allyblaster, alabaster  
 Amang, among  
 Ambrie, a pantry  
 An', and  
 Anent, opposite  
 Anudder, another  
 Anunder't, under it  
 Aroun, around  
 Ass-buird, ashes-board;  
     a box to carry ashes.  
 'At, contraction of that  
 Atomy, a skeleton

Atween, between

Auld, old

Aunty, aunt

Aw, all

Awn, own

Ax, to ask

Ay! expression of wonder

Aye, always

Ayont, beyond.

## B

'Bacco, tobacco

Backseyde, the yard behind a house

Bailies, bailiffs

Bairns, children

Bais'd, bombazed, confounded

Baith, both

Bandyman, a female of bad character

Bane, bone

Bang, to beat; an action of haste, as, "he com in wi' a bang."

Bannocks, bread made of oatmeal, thicker than common cakes.

Bashfu', bashful

Batter, dirt

Bawk, a cross beam	Boutchers, butchers
Beath, both	Bow-hough'd, having crooked houghs
Beck, a river	Bowt, bought
Behint, behind	Brack, broke,
Belangs, belongs	Brackens or Breckans, fern.
Belder, bellow, vociferate	Brag, boast
Belsh, to emit wind from the stomach	Braid, broad
Bet, a wager; beat	Bran new, quite new
Bettermer, better	Brast, burst
Beyde, to endure, to stay	Brat, a coarse apron
Biggin, building	Bravely, in a good state of health
Billy, brother	Bray, to beat
Bit, a small piece	Breeks, breeches
Bizen, (see shem)	Breer, brier
Blate, bashful	Brees'd, bruised
Blaw, blow	Breet, bright
Bleaken'd, blackened	Breyde, bride
Bleckell, Blackwell, a village near Carlisle	Brig, bridge
Bleer-e'd, blear-eyed	Brong, brought
Bleets, blights	Brulliment, broil
Blin, blind	Brunt, burnt
Blissin, blessing	Brust, burst
Bluid, blood	Buck up, to subscribe
Bluim, bloom	Buin, above
Bluitert, naked, deserted	Buits, boots
Blusturation, the noise of a braggart	Bum-bealie, a bailiff
Boddem, to empty	Bumm'd, struck, beat
Bodder, bother	Bunc'd, an action of haste, as, "he bunc'd in amang us."
Boggle, hobgoblin	Buss, a kiss
Bout, a turn; action	Butter-shag, a slice of
Bonnie, pretty	
Bonnyprat, Bonaparte	

bread spread with  
butter

Butter-sops, wheat or  
oaten bread, soaked  
in melted butter and  
sugar

Bwor'd, bor'd

Bworn, born

Bygeane, bygone; past

Byre, cow-house.

### C

Cabbish, cabbage

Caff, chaff

Cairds, cards

Canny, decent-looking,  
well-made

Capper, one who excels

Car, cart

Carel, Carlisle

Carras, a shed wherein  
carts are kept

Cassel, castle

Cat-witted, silly and  
conceited

Caw, to call

Cawshens, cautions.

Ceyder, cider

Chap, a general term for  
man, used either in a  
manner of respect or  
contempt

Chawk, chalk

Cheyde, chide

Chiel, a young fellow

Chimley, chimney

Chinse, chints

Chops, mouth

Claes, clothes

Clarty, miry

Clashes, tale-bearers

Claver, to climb

Cleed, to clothe

Cleek, to catch as with a  
hook

Click-clack, the noise  
that the pendulum of  
a clock makes in its  
vibrations

Clink, a blow

Clipt dinment, a thin  
mean-looking fellow

Clipt and heel'd, properly  
dressed, like a cock  
prepared to fight

Cliver, clever

Clogs, a sort of shoes, the  
upper part of strong  
hide leather, and the  
soles of birch or alder,  
plated with iron

Cluff, a blow

Co', come or came

Cocker, a feeder or  
fighter of cocks

Cockin, cock-fighting

Coddle, to pillow or sleep  
(from Lat. *codd* a  
pillow)

Codlin tree, an apple tree

Com, came  
 Compleens, complains  
 Corp, corpse  
 Cow'd-lword, a pudding  
   made of oatmeal and  
   suet  
 Cowp, to exchange  
 Cowl, colt  
 Crack, to chat, to chal-  
   lenge, to boast, or do  
   any thing quickly, as,  
   " I's dui't in a crack."  
 Crackets, crickets  
 Crammel, to perform any  
   thing awkwardly  
 Crap, crept  
 Creetcher, creature  
 Creyke, creek  
 Croft, a field behind the  
   house  
 Cronie, an old acquaint-  
   ance  
 Crouse, lofty, haughty  
 Cruds, curds  
 Cruin, to bellow, to hum  
   a tune  
 Cud, could  
 Cuddy Wulson, Cuthbert  
   Wilson  
 Cuil, cool  
 Cumberlan, Cumber-  
   land  
 Cunn'd, counted  
 Curley pow, curled head  
 Cursinin, christening

Cursmas, Christmas  
 Cursty, Christopher  
 Curtchey'd, curtseyed  
 Cutten, cut down  
 Cutter'd, whispered  
 Cutty, short  
 Cwoach, coach  
 Cwoals, coals  
 Cwoat, coat  
 Cwoley, a farmer's or  
   shepherd's dog  
 Cworn, corn  
 Cwort, court  
 Cwose-house, a corse-  
   house.

## D

Daddle, hand  
 Daft, half-wise, some-  
   times wanton  
 Daggy, drizzly  
 Dander, to hobble  
 Dang, (did ding), struck,  
   defeated  
 Dapper, neatly dressed  
 Darrak, a day's labour  
 Darter, active in per-  
   forming a thing  
 Dawstoners, inhabitants  
   of Dalston, a village  
   near Carlisle  
 De, do  
 De, to die  
 Deame, dame  
 Deavie, David

Ded or deddy, father  
 Deef, deaf  
 Deeins, doings  
 Deet, died; to clean  
 Deeth, death  
 Deetin, winnowing corn  
 De'il, devil  
 De'il bin, devil take  
 Deleyte, delight  
 Desarve, deserve  
 Deyke, hedge  
 Deyl'd, mop'd, spiritless  
 Dick or Dicky, Richard  
 Diddle, to hum a tune  
 Dinment, a wether sheep  
     in its second year  
 Dis, does  
 Dispert, desperate,  
 Dissnins, a distance in  
     horse-racing, the  
     eighth part of a mile  
 Divarsion, diversion  
 Divvent, do not  
 Doff, to undress  
 Don, to dress  
 Donnet, an ill-disposed  
     woman  
 Douse, jolly, or sonsy-  
     looking; according to  
     others, solid, grave,  
     and prudent  
 Downo, cannot, i. e.  
     when one has the  
     power, but wants the  
     will to do any thing

Dow, to be able  
 Dowter, daughter  
 Dozen'd, spiritless and  
     impotent  
 Dree, to endure, to suf-  
     fer, to feel  
 Drissin, dressing  
 Dub, a small collection  
     of stagnant water  
 Dubbler, a wooden plat-  
     ter  
 Dud, did  
 Duds, coarse clothes  
 Duffle, a kind of cloth  
 Dui, do  
 Duin, done  
 Duir, door  
 Dunch, to strike with  
     the elbows  
 Dung owre, knocked  
     over  
 Dunnet, do not  
 Durdem, broil, hubbub  
 Durt, dirt  
 Durtment, any thing  
     useless  
 Dust, durdem, one of  
     the many provincial  
     names for money  
 Dwoated, doted.

## E

Ebenin, evening  
 E'e, eye  
 Een, the eyes.



Efter, after  
 Elcy, Alice  
 Eleeben, eleven  
 Ellek, Alexander  
 En, end  
 Eneugh, enough  
 Esh, ash  
 Eshes, ash-trees.  
 Est, a nest.

## F

Fadder, father  
 Famish, famous  
 Fan, found, felt  
 Fash, trouble  
 Fares-te-weel, fare-thee  
   well  
 Fau't, fault  
 Faul, farm-yard  
 Faw, fall  
 Feace, face  
 Feale, fail  
 Feckless, feeble, want-  
   ing effect  
 Feegh, alas  
 Feight or feght, fight  
 Fellen, fellow, a disease  
   in cattle  
 Fettle, order, condition  
 Feyne, fine  
 Fit, foot, fought  
 Fin, to find, to feel  
 Flacker'd, flutter'd  
 Fly, fright, to fright  
 Fleek, flich

Flegmagaries,    useless  
   fripperies of female  
   dress  
 Fluik, a kind of fish  
 Fluir or fleer, floor  
 Flyre, to laugh  
 Font, foolish  
 Forby, besides,  
 Forret, forward  
 Forseake, forsake  
 Fou, full  
 Fowt, a fondling  
 Frae or frev, from  
 Frase, fray  
 Fratch, a quarrel, to  
   quarrel  
 Freeten'd, frightened  
 Freet, to grieve  
 Fremm'd, strange  
 Frien, a friend  
 Frostet, frosted  
 Frow, a worthless wo-  
   man  
 Fuil, fool  
 Furbelows, useless silks,  
   frills, or gauzes, of a  
   female dress  
 Furst, first  
 Furze, firs  
 Fuss, bustle  
 Fwoal, foal  
 Fworc'd, forc'd  
 Fwok, folk,  
 Fwurm, a form, a bench  
   or long seat

## G

- Ga, to go  
 Gairn, yarn  
 Gam, game  
 Gamblers, gamblers  
 Gammerstang, a tall  
     awkward person, of  
     bad gait  
 Gane, gone  
 Gang, to go; a confe-  
     derated company of  
     infamous persons  
 Gar, to compel  
 Garth, orchard, garden  
 Gat, got  
 Gate, road or path  
 Gawn, going  
 Gayshen, a smock-faced,  
     silly-looking person  
 Geapes, gapes  
 Gear, wealth, money,  
     the tackling of a cart  
     or plough  
 Gev, give  
 Girn, grin  
 Girt, great  
 Git, get  
 Gliff, glance  
 Glime, to look obliquely,  
     squint  
 Glowre or Glower, to  
     stare  
 Glump'd, gloom'd  
 Gob, mouth  
 Gomas, a simpleton
- Gow, go  
 Gowd i' gowpens, gold  
     in handfuls  
 Gowdspink, a goldfinch  
 Gowk, the cuckoo; a  
     thoughtless, ignorant  
     fellow, who harps too  
     long on a subject  
 Graen, to groan  
 Graith'd, dressed, ac-  
     counted  
 Grandideer, grenadier  
 Grandy, grandmother  
 Granfadder, grandfather  
 Granson, grandson  
 Greace, grace  
 Greave, grave  
 Greymin, a thin covering  
     of snow  
 Greype, a three-pronged  
     instrument for the  
     purpose of cleaning  
     cow-houses  
 Grousome, grim  
 Grummel, to grumble  
 Guff, a fool  
 Guid, good.  
 Gulder, to speak amaz-  
     ingly loud, and with  
     a dissonant voice  
 Gully, a large knife  
 Gurdle, the iron on  
     which cakes are baked  
 Gurse, gorse, furze, or  
     whins

Gowl, to weep  
Gwordie, George.

## H

Hack'd, won every thing  
Ha'e, have  
Hale or heale, whole  
Hallan, partition wall  
Hankitcher, handker-  
chief  
Hantel, large quantity  
Hap, to cover  
Hardleys, hardly  
Haud, hold, erect  
Hauld, hold, shelter  
Havey-scavey, all in  
confusion  
Havver, oats  
Haw, a hall  
Hawf, half  
Hawflin, a fool  
Hay-bay, hubbub  
Head-wark, head-ach  
Heale, whole, healthy  
Heame, home  
Heaste, haste  
Hed, had  
Hee, high  
Helter, halter  
Helter skelter, in rapid  
confusion  
Hes, has  
Het, hot  
Hether-fac'd, rough-  
faced  
Hev, have

Hing, hang  
Hinmost, hindmost  
Hinne, honey  
Hirpled, limped  
Hizzy, huzzy  
Hod, hold  
Holesome, wholesome  
Hotch, shake, to shake  
Hout! pshaw!  
Howdey, a midwife  
Howe, empty  
Howmes, fields or road  
Hug, to squeeze  
Hulk, a lazy, clumsy  
fellow  
Hunsup, scold; quarrel  
Hur, her  
Hursle, to raise up the  
shoulders.

## I

I', contraction of in  
Ilk or ilka, every  
'Ill, contraction of will  
Inde, East Indies  
Inveyted, invited  
I's, contraction of I am  
It'll, contraction of it will  
Ither, other  
Iver, ever  
Jant, jaunt  
Jaunice, jaundice  
Jaw, mouth  
Jemmy, James  
Jen or Jenny, Jane  
Jeybe, jibe

Jobby or Joseph	Jwoseph,	Lanterns, the players at lant
Jwohny or John.	Jwohnie,	Lap, leapt
Jwoke, joke.		Lapstone, a shoemaker's stone, upon which he beats his leather

## K

Keale, broth  
 Keave, to give an awkward wavering motion to the body  
 Keek, to peep  
 Ken, to know  
 Ken-guid, the example by which we are to learn what is good  
 Kith, acquaintances  
 Kittle, to tickle  
 Knop, a large tub  
 Kurk, a church  
 Kurk-garth, a church-yard  
 Kurn, churn  
 Kye, cows.

## L

Laird, a farmer's eldest son, or one who already possesses land  
 Lait, to seek  
 Lake, play, to play  
 Lal, little  
 Lang, long  
 Lanlword, landlord  
 Lant, a game at cards

Larning, learning  
 Latch, a wooden sneck, lifted sometimes with a cord, at other times with the finger  
 Lave, the rest  
 Leace, lace  
 Leady, lady  
 Leame, lame  
 Leane, alone  
 Leate, late  
 Leath, unwilling  
 Leather-te-patch, a plunging step in a Cumberland dance  
 Ledder, to beat  
 Lee, a lie  
 Leed, lead  
 Leet, to meet with ; to alight  
 Leethet' lass, Lewthwaite's lass  
 Leetsome, lightsome  
 Leve, live  
 Leyke, like  
 Lig, to lie  
 Liggin, lying  
 Lish, active, genteel  
 Lissen, to listen

Lock, a small quantity  
 Loff, offer  
 Loft, the upper apartment of a cottage  
 Lonnin, a narrow lane leading from one village to another  
 Lout, an awkward clown  
 Lowe, flame  
 Lowp, a leap ; to leap  
 Lowse, to untie  
 Lug, pull ; to pull  
 Lugs, ears  
 Luik, look ; to look  
 Luim, a loom  
 Luive, love  
 Lunnon, London  
 Lurry, to pull  
 Lword, lord  
 Lwosers, losers  
 Lythey, thick.

## M

Mair, more  
 Maist, most  
 Maister, master  
 Mak, make ; to make  
 Maks, sorts  
 Man thysel, act with the spirit of a man  
 Mangrel, mongrel  
 Mant, to stutter  
 Mantin, stuttering  
 Mappen, may happen  
 Marget, Margaret

Marrow, equal ; of the same sort  
 Marrowless, not of the same kind  
 Matty, Martha  
 Mazle, to wander as stupified  
 Meade, made  
 Meake or mek, to make  
 Meanders, murmurs  
 Meedow, meadow  
 Meer, a mare  
 Mess, indeed, truly  
 Mey, my  
 Mickle, large, much  
 Midden, a dunghill  
 Mid-neet, midnight  
 Mid-thie, mid-thigh  
 Mittens, gloves  
 Moiling, pining  
 Monie, many  
 Mowdywarp, a mole  
 Muck, dung  
 Mud, might  
 Mudder, mother  
 Muin, the moon  
 Muir, moor  
 Mun, must  
 Munnet, must not  
 Murry, merry  
 Mworn, morn  
 Mwornin, morning  
 Mysel, myself.

## N

Nabab, nabob

Nae or nee, no  
 Naigs, horses  
 Nar, near  
 Nattle, to strike slightly  
 Naturable, natural  
 Nayshen, nation  
 Neame, name  
 Neb, nose  
 Nee, no  
 Neef, fist  
 Neegers, negroes  
 Ne'er ak, never mind  
 Neet, night  
 Neist, next  
 New-fangled,      new-fa-  
                   shioned  
 Neybor, neighbour  
 Neyce, nice  
 Nimmel, nimble  
 Nin, none  
 Nit, not  
 Niver, never  
 Nobbet, only  
 Nout, nothing  
 Nowt, cattle  
 Nowther, neither  
 Nuik, nook or corner  
 Nwoble, noble  
 Nwotions, notions  
 Nwotish or nwotice,  
           notice.

## O

Oaners, owners  
 Odswinge ! a rustic oath

Oddments, articles of no  
           great value  
 Offen, often  
 Onie or ony, any  
 Onset,    dwelling-house  
           and out-buildings  
 On't, contraction of it  
 Oper'd their gills, gaped  
           wide and drank much  
 Or, ere  
 Ought, aught,  
 Owre, over  
 Owther, either

## P

Paddock rud, frog spawn  
 Pang'd, quite full  
 Parfet, perfect  
 Pat, put  
 Pate, head  
 Paut, to walk heavily  
 Paw mair, stir more ;  
           thus, "the cat will  
           never paw mair,"  
           means, the cat will  
           never stir more  
 Pech, to pant  
 Pee'd, one-eyed  
 Peer, poor  
 Peet, a fibrous moss  
           used for fuel  
 Pell-mell, quick  
 Pennystones, stones in  
           the form of quoits  
 Pettikits, petticoats

Pewder, pewter  
 Peype, pipe  
 Pez, pease  
 Pick, pitch  
 Pick'd the fwoal, foaled  
     before the natural time  
 Piggen, a wood dish  
 Plack, a single piece of  
     money  
 Pleace, place  
 Pleague, to plague  
 Pleanin, complaining  
 Pleugh, plough  
 Plied, read his book  
 Poddish, pottage  
 Pops and pairs, a game  
     at cards  
 Potticary, Apothecary  
 Pou, to pull  
 Pow, to pull; the head  
 Prent, print  
 Prod, thrust  
 Pruive, prove  
 Puil, pool  
 Puirtith, poverty  
 Punch, to strike with  
     the feet  
 Puzzen, poison  
 Pwoke, poke  
 Pwost, a post.

## R


Rattens, rats  
 Reape or rape, rope  
 Rear, to rise; to rally

Reed, red  
 Reek, smoke  
 Reet, right  
 Resh, rush  
 Reyder, rider  
 Rin, run  
 Roughness, plenty, store  
 Row up, to devour  
 Royster'd, vociferated  
 Ruddy, ready  
 Rumpus, rumple  
 Ruse, to rise  
 Russlin, wrestling  
 Rust, rest; repose  
 Rwoar'd, roar'd  
 Rwose, rose

## S

Sackless.—The original  
     meaning of this word  
     is innocent, guiltless;  
     but it is now applied  
     in the sense of feeble,  
     useless, insignificant,  
     incapable of exertion

Sae, so  
 Sair, sore  
 Sairy, poor  
 Sal, shall  
 Sampleth, sampler  
 San, sand  
 Sang, song  
 Sark, shirt  
 Sarra, to serve  
 Sarvant, servant

- Sattle, a le or long  
 seat  
 Sault, salt  
 Saut, sad  
 Scalder'd, scalded  
 Sceape-greace, a hair-  
 brained, graceless fel-  
 low  
 Sceap'd, escaped  
 Schuil, school  
 Scons, cakes made of  
 barley meal  
 Scotty kye, Scotch cows  
 Scowp, scoop  
 Scraffle, struggle  
 Screap, to collect, to  
 hoard  
 Scribe of a pen, line by  
 way of letter  
 Scrudge, squeeze  
 Scwores, scores  
 Seame, same  
 Seape, soap  
 Sec, such  
 Seec, sick  
 Seegh, sigh  
 Seeben, seven  
 Seed, saw  
 Seer, sure  
 See't, contraction of see it  
 Seet, sight  
 Seevy, rushy  
 Sel, self  
 Selt, sold  
 Sen or seyne, since
- Setterday, Saturday  
 Seugh, ditch  
 Seyde, side  
 Seyne, since  
 Seypers, those who drink  
 to the last drop; im-  
 moderate drinkers  
 Sha' not, shall not  
 Shag, a slice  
 Sheap'd, shaped  
 Shearing, reaping  
 Sheer, shear, to reap  
 Sheks, shakes  
 Shem and a bizen, a  
 shame, and besides a  
 sin; the word bizen  
 being apparently a  
 corruption of "By a  
 sin," i. e. besides a sin  
 Shettle, schedule  
 Sheynin, shining  
 Shoon, shoes  
 Shouder, shoulder  
 Shoul, shovel  
 Shot, reckoning; freed  
 from  
 Shuffle, to scrape with  
 the feet; to evade  
 Shuik, shook  
 Shwort, short  
 Shwort-keakes, rich fruit  
 cakes, which peasants  
 present to their sweet-  
 hearts at fairs  
 Sin', since



Sin' seyne, since that time  
 Siplin, a sapling  
 Sizelled, walked  
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry  
     with a shrill voice  
 Skirl'd, scream'd  
 Slaes, sloes  
 Slap, to beat  
 Slape, slippery  
 Sleate, slate  
 Slee, sly  
 Slink, slinge  
 Smaw, small  
 Smiddy, smithy  
 Smudder, smother  
 Smuik, smoke  
 Smutty, obscene  
 Snaps, small round gin-  
     gerbread cakes  
 Snaw, snow  
 Sneck, latch or catch of  
     a gate or door  
 Sneype, a snipe  
 Snift'rin, sniffing  
 Snippy, (from snip, to  
     cut with scissors), a  
     byname for a tailor  
 Snob, a cobbler  
 Snworin, snoring  
 Sonsy, lucky, generous  
 Sour milk, butter-milk  
 Souse, to plunge or im-  
     merge  
 Sowdgers, soldiers  
 Spak, spoke

Speyce, spice  
 Splet, split  
 Spot, a place of service  
 Spunky, sparkling  
 Spuin, spoon  
 Spwort, sport  
 Stan, stand  
 Steek, to shut  
 Stegshe, Stagshaw fair  
 Steyfe, steam, dust  
 Steyle, stile  
 Steyme, a light  
 Stown, stolen  
 Strack, struck.  
 Strappin, tall  
 Strea, straw  
 Streenin, straining  
 Streyt, straight  
 Stuil, stool  
 Stule, stole  
 Stibble, stubble  
 Stoun, a sudden and  
     transient pain  
 Stoury, dusty  
 Stowter, to walk clumsily  
 Sticks, furniture  
 Struive, strove  
 Stuid, stood  
 Stwory, story  
 Sud, should  
 Summet, somewhat,  
     something  
 Suin, soon  
 Sumph, a blockhead  
 Suppwort, support

Swally, to swallow  
 Swapp'd, exchang'd  
 Swat, sit down  
 Sweyne, swine  
 Swope, a sup  
 Sworry, sorry.

## T

Ta'en, taken  
 Taistrel, scoundrel  
 Tak, take  
 Tane, the one  
 Tarn'd, ill-natured  
 Tatterdemalion, a ragged  
 fellow  
 Taw, tall  
 Te, thee; to te-dui, to do  
 Teable, table  
 Teaking, taking  
 Teale, tale  
 Tearan, tearing; a *tearan*  
*fellow* is a rough, hot-  
 headed person, who  
 drives every thing be-  
 fore him, regardless  
 of danger and of con-  
 sequences  
 Tease, to importune, to  
 pester  
 Teasty, tasteful  
 Teaylear, a taylor  
 Together, together  
 Teeght, tight  
 Tek, take  
 Telt, told

Tem, them  
 Teugh, tough  
 Teydey, neat  
 Teydins, tidings  
 Teyme, time  
 Teyney, small  
 Teype, type  
 Thar or thur, these  
 Theek'd, thatched  
 Thick, friendly  
 Thie, thigh  
 Thimmel, thimble  
 Thou'll, thou wilt  
 Thoum, thumb  
 Thowt, thought  
 Thrang, throng  
 Threap, to argue; to  
 aver  
 Threed, thread  
 Theyce, thrice  
 Thropple, the windpipe  
 Throssle, a thrush  
 Thowt, thought  
 Thirteen, thirteen  
 Tig, to strike gently  
 Titty, sister  
 Tizzy, sixpence  
 Toddle, to walk unstably,  
 as children  
 Tom, Thomas  
 To-mworn, to-morrow  
 Top, or topper, of a  
 good quality  
 To't, to the  
 Tou, thou

Tought, taught  
 Tou's, thou is  
 Towerts, towards  
 Trig, tight  
 Trimmel, tremble  
 Trinkums, useless finery  
 Trippet, a small piece of  
   wood obtusely pointed  
   with which rustics  
   amuse themselves  
 Trouncin, beating  
 Tudder, the other  
 Tui, too  
 Tuik, took  
 Tuith-wark, tooth-ache  
 Tummel'd, tumbled  
 Tuppence, two-pence  
 Twea or twee, two  
 Twonty, twenty  
 Tworn, torn  
 Twote, lot.

## U

Unco, very  
 Unket, strange, par-  
   ticular news  
 Uphod, uphold  
 Upseyde, upside.

## V

Vaprin, vapouring  
 Varmen, or varment,  
   vermin  
 Varra, very  
 Veyle, vile

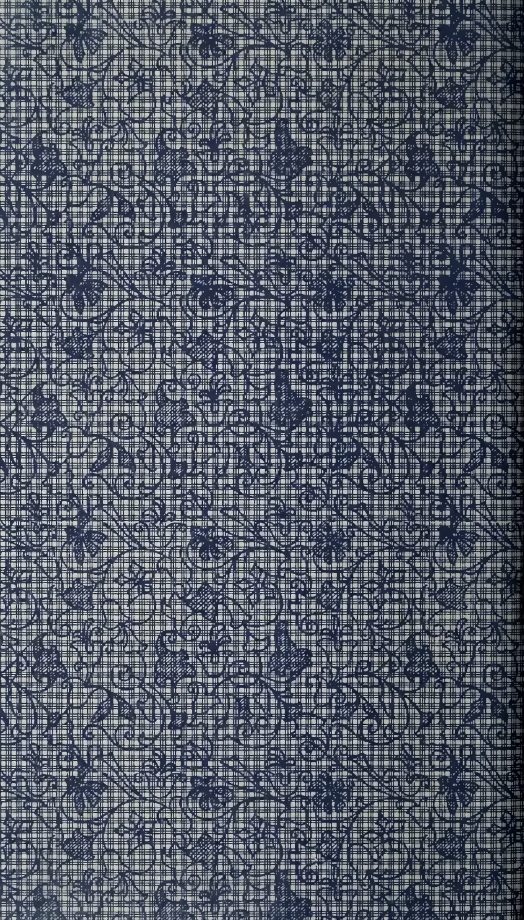
## W

Waak, weak

Wa, dang it! a mode of  
   swearing  
 Wad, would  
 Wadn't, contraction of  
   would not  
 Wae, sorry  
 Waffler, waverer  
 Wale, choice  
 Wan, to win  
 Wanters, persons who  
   want wives or hus-  
   bands  
 War or warse, worse;  
   were  
 War-day,       work-day,  
   every day in the week  
   except Sunday  
 Wark, work  
 Warl, world  
 Watter, water  
 Waw, wall  
 Weade, to wade  
 Weage, wage  
 Weame, breast  
 Weast, the waist  
 Weastewoat, waistcoat  
 Webster, or wobster,  
   a weaver  
 Wee, diminutive  
 Weel, well  
 Wey! expression of as-  
   sent; why  
 Weyde, wide  
 Weyfe, wife  
 Weyl, wild

Weyte, blame	Worchet, orchard
Whack, thwack or blow	Wordy, worthy
Whaker, a quaker	Worton, Orton, name of a village
Whart, quart	Wots, oats
Whee, who	Wrang, wrong
Wheezlin, drawing the breath with difficulty	Wull, will
Whey-feac'd, smock-fac'd	Wulling, willing
Wheyte, quite, white	Wully or Wulliam, William
Whietly, quietly	Wun, to dwell
Whiff, a blast	Wunnet, contraction of will not
Whilk, which	Wussle or wursle, to wrestle
Whinge, to weep	Y
Whinin, whining	Yacres, acres
Whisht! hush!	Yad, a mare
Whitten, Whitehaven	Yallow, yellow
Whoal or whol, a hole	Yat or yeat, a gate
Whop or whope, hope	Yeage, age
Whornpeype, hornpipe	Yeble, able
Whupper, snapper	Yek, oak
Whurry, wherry	Yel, ale
Whussenday, Whit-Sun- day	Yen, one
Whussle, to whistle	Yer, your
Whuzzin, whizzin	Ye's, ye shall
Whye, a heifer	Yestereen, yesterday
Wi' or wid, with	Youngermer, younger persons
Wide-gob, wide-mouth	Yulben, oven.
Win, wind	
Windy, noisy	
Winnings, money won	









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